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GARGAN

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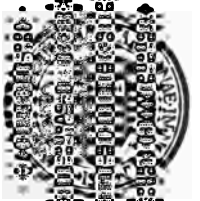

OF
VENDELL
K

Kazimierz Bargan

1844 - 1918

THOMAS J. GARC

A Memorial

WITH AN APPENDIX CONTAINING ADDRESSES
DELIVERED BY HIM ON VARIOUS
OCCASIONS

BOSTON
GEO. H. ELLIS CO., PRINTERS, 272 CONGRESS ST.
1919

1844 — 1908

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Smith, Joseph, 1853 —

THOMAS J. GARGAN.

BORN IN BOSTON, MASS., 27th October, 1844.

DIED IN BERLIN, GERMANY, 31st July, 1908.

They laid him down, under the cool, gray sod,
Under the grass, under the stars and skies,
At peace with all the world, at rest with God,
The hush and calm of death upon his eyes.
The sprays and garlands strewn o'er him may fade;
But yet the noble, tender deeds unseen—
The open hand, with all its gifts unweighed—
Will bloom and keep his kindly mem'ry green.

O loyal friend, how often in our need
In days to come, with youth and hope outworn,
We'll miss the tongue that eloquent could plead
For truth and right; those dear, dead graces mourn,—
The gentle smile, the sweetly mellow voice,
The courage firm, the honor unassailed,
The counsel wise that guided men to choice,
The friendship firm and true that never failed!

He sleeps with them, the comrades of his youth,
With those he loved when all the world was young;
With those brave hearts, who battled for the truth,
Stirring the world with songs for freedom sung.

THOMAS J. GARGAN

Sleep on! Sleep sweet! A nobler day begins,
Whose light ne'er knows a shadow of this earth.
The tomb is but a shrouding for our sins,
The grave the cradle of a nobler birth.

Sleep on in this, the City of the Dead,
Where healing peace and rest eternal reign;
The grass that waves above your narrow bed
Grows o'er a home that knows no earthly pain.
The tender heart is still, the voice is mute,
The soul has winged its way to heights serene.
We who remain, an honored name salute,
And hon'ring seek to keep its mem'ry green.

JOSEPH SMITH.

THIS little volume is dedicated to the memory of a husband loved in life and mourned in death, and is published that some record of an honorable career and a pure life may be given to a community that was better for his labor and sweeter for his influence.

HELENA NORDHOFF GARGAN.

FOREWORD.

THE purpose of this little monograph is not so much to write a biography of Thomas J. Gargan as to leave some record of the manner of man he was. The late Thomas J. Gargan was not, in its broad sense and in the common acceptation of the term, a great man: his name is not connected with any great affair of State nor with any historic measure of legislation. He led no armies afield nor navies afloat. Though his reputation was local, his spirit was not parochial: he was neither obscure nor mediocre. The son of an immigrant in a community that receives the stranger with caution, if not with suspicion, he came into the world with no advantages of wealth, prestige, or privilege: the measure of success he achieved in life he owed to native ability, personal worth, a courage that heartened him to prefer right and justice to popularity and applause, and a home in which religion was reverenced, morality inculcated, and the old-fashioned virtues of honesty, industry, duty, loyalty, and respect for humanity were taught. He was an influence for good all the days of his life and work: he wronged no man knowingly; he aided and lifted up many men wittingly; his

activity in the community was always wholesome; and he preferred to be right with the few rather than wrong with the many.

The writer of these pages must necessarily be discursive. He knew the man who was his friend, and every man's friend, intimately for years; he knew his ideals and hopes, and was familiar with his standards of life and living; he had listened to the expression of his opinions and the declaration of his principles; and his affection for his dead friend was coupled with a deep respect and admiration for his character.

Great men make great impressions on the world and history for good or evil: the good man radiates moral strength and wholesome influences in his own community; and it is a question for each man to answer for himself whether he who fills the earth with the clamor of the trump of fame is more useful to humanity than he who fills the heart of his neighbor with love and his home with peace. Gentle and just, he was devoid of dogmatism and pride of opinion. Combating injustice, cruelty, and intolerance, he refused to use their weapons in his fights, believing that truth was invincible and wit and humor unanswerable. He preferred to conquer by convincing, to obtain conversion by kindness; and humbug, pre-

tension, and pharisaism he met with good-humored contempt.

I have deemed it better, therefore, to let his own acts and utterances, his own beliefs and opinions, speak for a man who was honored and respected in life and sincerely mourned in death.

In seeking to tell something of this man, who was as destitute of malice and meanness as ordinary human kind may be, it becomes necessary to speak of evils and issues that are happily dead, of intolerances and misconceptions which were the ill-begotten offspring of conditions that have passed. Their restatement can do no harm now: they serve simply to illustrate the character of the dead man, and to make the sane and honorable among the living resolve that they shall afflict us no more.

All that is mortal of Thomas J. Gargan has been under the sod long enough now to get a measurably true perspective of him. He is still remembered. He had his weaknesses and blemishes without doubt, for he was human; but I do not know what they were, or, knowing them, would not set them down, for my friend can do no wrong. The good that men do lives after them: the evil perishes with them.

JOSEPH SMITH.

THOMAS J. GARGAN.

At rest forever in Holyhood Cemetery, sleeping their last sleep, are four men who in life were friends and compatriots, comrades and co-workers; men whose character and achievement made them honored and respected in the flesh; men whose conduct and action were inspired by the principles of honor and justice, loyalty and religion; men whose souls were inflamed by a love and devotion for the things they believed would make the race better and the world sweeter; men who could always be depended upon to stand up and be counted whenever and wherever the rights of men—native or alien, black or white, at home or abroad—were assailed or jeopardized by power or greed, or pride or privilege.

These four men were John Boyle O'Reilly, Patrick A. Collins, James Jeffrey Roche, and Thomas J. Gargan. They passed from life in the order of their naming. Each in his day and in the measure of his talents contributed his gifts to Boston and America; each lived and worked and died with clean hands; each passed with clean soul to his last accounting, leaving but meagre fortune to his heirs, but

giving to kin and country the legacy of an unspotted name, a reputation above reproach, and a memory that smells sweet and blossoms in the dust. In an age which seems lightly indifferent to the things that are more excellent and wedded to materialism and greed, only the big of heart and strong of soul seem to give consideration to those intangible and spiritual things that are imperishable.

O'Reilly and Roche were poets and writers. The printed word, when forged in the flame of truth and fashioned by the hand of genius, will live to stir and strengthen generations yet unborn; yet in that day which always comes when the world knows little of the daily life of the writer and singer, of his joys and sorrows, of his trials and triumphs, and when he is at best merely a name, the printed word will endure.

Collins and Gargan were lawyers and orators. The spoken word may touch the conscience, rouse the soul, and fire the heart of a nation; yet, except to the generation which heard him, it gives no clew to the fire and fervor of the orator. The orator's message is written in water; his name and fame are too often fated to be transitory. Even if the spoken word be crystallized in type, we miss the elements that made it potential and compelling. The fire,

the gesture, the gleaming eye, the tense face, the many-toned gamut of the voice, the masterful soul that roused the emotions and controlled the minds of those who listened,—these are gone: only the pale and ghostly word remains, the flame and fire gone with the living tongue that sent it forth winged like an arrow and burning like a brand.

The romantic and poignant life of O'Reilly was written *con amore* by his friend and colaborer Roche; his splendid verse and stirring addresses are in type. A modest monograph of Roche was written by one of his friends; his songs and satires are on the library shelves; and a sympathetic biography of Collins has been given to the world. Alone of this remarkable quartet no record of the life and work and deliverances of Thomas J. Gargan has been written; yet his memory still lingers in the city of his birth and home like a sweet essence, for he was a man whose companionship and charm, whose gifts and utterances, are not soon forgotten.

> "His life was gentle, and the elements
> So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up
> And say to all the world, 'This was a man!'"

All four were men of the Irish race, endowed with the courage and conscience of the Kelt,

and gifted with that imagination which is the vision of the soul,—a vision which enabled them to see beyond the sordid surroundings of their day and place into a future when the asperities and meannesses, the contumely and prejudice, of the present would be dead and perhaps forgotten, when the genius of their race would be acclaimed and the gifts and graces it had brought to the human amalgam we call the American would be recognized.

Thomas J. Gargan loved all men, but there were a pride and tenderness he brought to the affection he gave his own people that were as touching as inspiring. He never lost faith in his race; he knew its strength and weakness; its triumphs, trials, and tragedies were written in his heart; and his enthusiasms burned and glowed as fervidly in the autumn of his years as in the springtime. He knew and taught that the genius of a race never perishes, its divine gifts never die. Wars, persecutions, famines, the overlordship of duller and ruder peoples, and the scattering of the winds of wrath and wickedness may afflict the race; the gifts and graces that made it useful and necessary to the world are never destroyed; they may be overwhelmed, but, as the fallow and neglected fields wait only the hour when toil and tillage and sunshine and sanity shall call them back

once more to fatness and fertility and flower and fruitage, so the buried gifts and neglected graces of a race which once made it great and glorious must inevitably come forth in better days, under kindlier skies, to sweeten the earth and strengthen humanity. It was the doctrine of the optimist, of the philosopher who had faith in God and man.

Thomas J. Gargan was essentially a Kelt: he had the warmth, kindliness, generosity, enthusiasm, imagination, spirituality, loyalty to ideals, fidelity to noble traditions, courage and tenacity under trials and stress, and that invincible optimism which is based on unquestioning faith in God and the intrinsic good in man; but he also had the Keltic sense of psychologic values. He understood how much dross was mixed with the good of human nature; he was a keen judge of men; and, while the Keltic brain would not permit him to place a fictitious value on the strength and achievement of any man, his Keltic heart was charged with a pity that went out to the frailties and failures of all men.

He was born in Boston, October 27, 1844, in a city and an environment essentially suspicious of and antipathetic to his race, and among a population which had inherited all the bigotries of a cult and preserved all the prejudices

of a clan which had striven furiously and futilely in the past to exterminate the Irish under Irish skies.

His grandfather was one of the victims of that ill-starred peasant revolt, the Rebellion of '98,—a crime planned with cold-blooded deliberation by those master scoundrels of Irish history, Camden and Castlereagh, who, by outrages, billetings, and acts that made the world shudder, goaded the unarmed peasantry to revolt, that the shameful political union of Ireland and England might be consummated under the smoke and clash of civil war. The elder Gargan suffered in common with his countrymen, and went out to face his torturers in the field, only to be defeated and captured, his little estate confiscated to the Crown, and to die with the bitterness of defeat in his heart, by the roadside on the way to the Drogheda prison, from the ill-treatment and tortures inflicted on him by a brutal soldiery. His little child, Patrick Gargan, was taken home by his brother, who cared for him and brought him to manhood; and, while yet a young man, in 1824 he left the land of his fathers and emigrated to Boston. There he met and married Rose Garland, by whom he had eight children, Thomas J. Gargan being the oldest of the boys.

Patrick Gargan was a man of sunny temperament, an omnivorous reader of books, and a lover of learning, as are most of his race. He never forgot the terrible tragedy of his father's end, nor the aftermath of lawless cruelty and injustice that followed the '98. He told the story to his children, and it may be truthfully said that Thomas J. Gargan drank in with his mother's milk that hatred of wrong, injustice, cruelty, and persecution that he manifested all his life.

The '98 and its memories were stamped indelibly on the soul of Patrick Gargan. The recollection of what his own people and kin had suffered made him tender and pitiful toward all the weak and oppressed of earth; and he hated most cordially the system of negro slavery then flourishing in the South under the sanction of law, and tolerated, if not approved, by the "conservative" classes of the North, who deprecated the "radicalism" of the anti-slavery agitation as calculated to disturb business and offend their good customers in the Slave States. Garrison and Phillips might have been more outspoken and effective in their denunciation of and war on slavery than the humble emigrant Patrick Gargan, but they were never more sincere in their hatred of the institution or more earnest and active in giving practical aid

to its victims. His house was one of the stations on the underground road to freedom. The spacious attic in his home was often used as a harborage for fugitive slaves, who were fed and cared for, safe from the clutches of the sheriff and his officers, until they could be passed along to liberty, security, and safety.

Thomas J. Gargan never forgot and often spoke of the day when, a little lad, playing hide-and-seek with his brothers and sisters, he scaled the stairs to find that mysterious and sealed attic, from which they were forbidden, open by some oversight. Curiosity made him forget parental authority, and he entered the room only to stop with his trembling little heart in his mouth, for there in the obscurity sat a black man, a hunted fugitive slave,—a startling vision for a child who had never seen a negro at close range, for the prudent father kept the children in ignorance of the presence of these hapless outlaws, not daring to imperil their safety and freedom by the babbling tongue of thoughtless childhood. The black man took the trembling boy upon his knee, allayed his fears, and engaged his sympathies by his story, and told him his good father would take him away and pilot him to safety at midnight. This dramatic incident he never forgot. It was a tremendous event in the boy's life, and

one that had its influence in forming the character and coloring the action of the man and his work; and it made him feel that even he was a factor in the gathering storm which was to wipe out slavery and its abominations.

Boston was a small place in the forties. The new-comers clustered together at the North End. The Gargans lived on the sunny side of a sunny street, and the boy Thomas J. Gargan garnered all the sunshine of the street into his heart and kept it there all his days. He was educated in the Boston public schools, and was a Franklin Medal scholar. His moral and religious training was gained in the Church of his faith and in the simple, wholesome atmosphere of a clean home, and the education of the schools was supplemented by private instruction in the classics imparted by the Rev. P. Krose, a scholarly French Jesuit Father. Through all his days he was a constant reader of the best in literature, a close and appreciative student of history, biography, philosophy, and the humanist writers, a keen observer of men and causes; and the training of the law school and the contests of the courts gave him a discipline that was valuable in tempering his ardor and restraining and guiding his enthusiasms and impulses.

While still a lad, he and his people went through a long season of that social and politi-

cal insanity known as Know-nothingism, when the government of Massachusetts weakly and abjectly permitted the brutal, bigoted, and ignorant elements of the native community to insult and outrage the Catholic population of the Commonwealth. In Boston, as elsewhere, this cult was recruited from the lower and baser elements of the community, and fostered by the more unscrupulous class of politicians, who then, as now, were willing to sacrifice the peace and happiness of the Commonwealth for the spoils of office; and then, as in recent years, the so-called better element, with a few notable exceptions, smugly deplored the violence and lawlessness of these dubious friends of Americanism and Protestantism, and as smugly confessed their belief in the principles of the cult, as they euphemistically termed the outrage and insult perpetrated in the names of religion and patriotism.

It was a trying season, and the patience of the Irish and Catholic population under the conditions was as amazing as admirable. Gargan used to say in his sunny way, with a twinkle in his eye, that, for a people reputed to be as lacking in self-control as in timidity, the Irish Catholics were a singularly calm and peaceful people in the face of this constant and irritating insult and brutality; but they were perilously

near the limit of their patience at times. The volunteer fire companies of Boston in those days were as quarrelsome and noisy as they were incompetent and vainglorious. They contained a large share of the town bullies in their red-shirted contingents. These vociferous heroes were Know-nothings to a man, and they found rare pleasure in baiting and insulting their Catholic neighbors. When the day came that these pot-valiant defenders of Americanism and Protestantism grew weary and bored of mere individual outrages, and let it be known that they intended to burn up the Catholic Church and drive out the pestilent alien and Catholic population, it looked to the Irish as if Orange Ulster had been transported to and transplanted in Boston, and they made preparations to receive their visitors with all the honors of war. Wiser heads, however, waited on the abject rulers of Boston, and they were told quietly, but emphatically, that, when the Know-nothing invasion of the North End was over, it might be necessary to rebuild a large portion of the city and bury a number of its militant natives.

Probably few of the weaklings and bigots of Boston in those days knew or appreciated how much the city owed to Bishop Fitzpatrick, who with genuine Christian spirit held in check his fiery and justly incensed people, guided them

into the paths of peace and sanity, and in all human probability saved Boston from strife and bloodshed. Mr. Gargan loved to recall the character and conduct of this patient and genuinely good prelate, to whose tireless efforts in preaching peace and patience Boston owed its escape from civil war in its streets, and he hoped that some day a proper recognition of his services to the higher interests of the Commonwealth would be made.

The danger of civil war in the streets of Boston drove the civic rulers to a grudging performance of their duty; but the meanness and bitterness of those days left a bad taste in the mouth of the Irish for many a day, though it never deterred them from risking their lives for the Republic in the days of national stress and trial.

Gargan grew up in this atmosphere uncontaminated. The only effect that Know-nothingism had upon him was to intensify his loyalty and devotion to his race and religion, and to create in his heart an inexpugnable contempt and hatred for religious bigotry and race prejudice. Until the day of his death Thomas J. Gargan always evinced a contempt and distrust of men who attempted to manufacture political capital by appeals to race and religious prejudices, and it made no difference what race

or religion the demagogue and self-seeker professed or assailed. He was still a boy when the War of the Rebellion broke out, and, though the ardors of Know-nothingism had begun to cool off, the thing still lived.

At one of the war meetings held in Faneuil Hall in those trying days a Know-nothing orator, who had modestly kept from the glare and smoke of the battlefield and confined his patriotic activities to Massachusetts, took occasion to question the loyalty of the adopted citizens of Massachusetts and to berate what he tactfully termed their lack of patriotism. This pragmatic patriot was, doubtless, one of that peculiar breed called in these days an Anglo-Saxon; for certainly no man with a gleam of humor in his system would have made such a charge, even were the facts as stated. The Irish Catholics had been insulted in the streets of Boston and outraged on their own thresholds. They were denied the protection of law and government; their honesty was questioned, their religion reviled, and their race ridiculed. Coming to a land their countrymen had helped to free and a republic they had fought to found, they were received with suspicion and treated with indignity; and yet their ignorant and intolerant persecutors were now complaining that they were not patriotic.

False as the charge was, it had its comic aspect, and it was difficult to decide whether these blatant accusers were merely impudent or plainly stupid; that they lacked humor was only too evident. It is difficult to imagine a Russian of Kitcheneff, finding fault with the Jews for not volunteering to march on Manchuria for the privilege of fighting and dying for a czar whose officials had mocked their religion and plundered and murdered their kin; yet these humorless defenders of Americanism and Protestantism, the Know-nothings, affected to be outraged and indignant that the Irish did not rush to the South to defend a flag and government that had failed to protect them. As matter of fact, the Irish *did* go South to battle for the flag. They had the brain and wit to distinguish between the real Americanism incarnated by Lincoln and the spurious patriotism of nether Boston, and they went cheerfully into the battle for the Union, while the valiant persecutors of women and children and the burners of churches and convents stayed at home in Boston to labor in more profitable fields of patriotism.

On the occasion of the Faneuil Hall meeting, where these charges of disloyalty were made, there was a call for young Gargan to answer them, and Mayor Norcross, of Boston, who was

presiding, invited the boy to the platform, where he demolished the comic patriot in short order. He showed that, while every regiment that Massachusetts sent South had its share of Irishmen—adopted citizens—in its ranks, two (the 8th and the 28th) were recruited almost exclusively by men of Irish birth and parentage; and few regiments in the Union Army gave better or more continuous service than these, fought with more courage or resolution, or showed a higher percentage of killed and wounded. His address was received with generous applause, and at its close he was unanimously chosen a member of the Union Committee of Boston.

Gargan used to tell this story with great relish. The humor of the situation and the impudence of the slanderer amused him, and he often added, with a smile, that the record of Irish magnanimity, patriotism, and sacrifice was forgotten or ignored when the occasion for them had passed; and the heirs of Know-nothingism, the so-called "A. P. A.," had few qualms about repeating the slanders and stupidities of their predecessors in those arts, and had as little difficulty in gaining credence for them in a community whose baser and narrower elements were gifted with longer ears than memories, and whose lungs were entirely

out of proportion to their knowledge, sense, intelligence, and Americanism.

Later, when his years and inches made it possible, he enlisted as a private in the newly organized 55th Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers and was elected a second lieutenant of Company C. Four months after being mustered into the United States service, he was detailed on recruiting service; and, when the 55th was merged into the 48th Regiment at a later period, he was honorably discharged.

For a time he was the confidential clerk of Governor Sprague of Rhode Island and the Boston representative of the house of A. & W. Sprague, of which the governor was the head. While industrious and attentive to business, in which he achieved a measurable success, he found mercantile life distasteful to him. His tastes and talents lay in other directions. He believed that such gifts as he possessed would find a more useful and successful outlet in a professional career and in the semi-public functions incidental to such a life. The forum, the platform, the court-room, the halls of legislation, attracted and called him: the shop and counting-room repelled him; and he felt his best work could only be done where his

heart was, in the fields that would call out his best efforts.

Ambitious and industrious, he devoted his days to the work of business and the shop and his nights to the study of books that would help him in the public career he had mapped out for himself; but he could not afford to give up business until he had saved enough to carry him through the law school with decency and without sacrifice of his self-respect. He burned the midnight oil sedulously, and kept tenaciously at the work of study and self-education far into the small hours, night after night; for his courage and resolution were far in excess of his physical strength. Doubtless these youthful sacrifices and labors had much to do with that physical frailty he was compelled to combat all his days, and which might have ruined the temper and discouraged the hopes of a man less optimistic, cheery, and unconquerable than the slender, nervous Gargan. He illustrated truly the aphorism that not the ore that lies in the sunshine, but that which goes through the fire and flame, makes the steel.

He began the study of law in the Boston University, from which he was graduated in the spring of 1875 with the degree of LL.B., and in April of the same year he was admitted

to practice. While yet in mercantile life, he had served in the Massachusetts House of Representatives in 1868 and 1870. The year he was admitted to the bar he served on the Board of Overseers of the Poor of Boston, and in 1876 he was once more in the House of Representatives. During this session a bill for the taxation of church property in Massachusetts was introduced, and a notable speech made by Gargan was the deciding factor in compassing its defeat. The bill merely represented a feeble revival of those religious prejudices which die so slowly in Massachusetts, and it was an attempt to stab by indirection,—a species of legislative Trojan horse garrisoned by rather nerveless bigots. Framed ostensibly to check the growth of ecclesiastical wealth and power, and designed on the surface as a modern Statute of Mortmain, it assumed an air of fair play and religious tolerance by exempting poor and feeble churches and societies from the operations of the Act, poverty and feebleness being indicated by some such arbitrary amount as $5,000. In a community where there were, for instance, some 20,000 Protestants divided up among a dozen different sects and worshipping in a dozen little churches, the probability was that not one of them would be taxed, unless possibly an Angli-

can or Congregational church of a well-to-do parish. In the same community there might be 10,000 Roman Catholics divided into possibly three parishes, each of which had built a handsome church and parish house: doubtless, the physical value of the Catholic churches would each equal that of two or three of the Protestant houses of worship; and, while the bogus saving clause of poverty and feebleness would cover the Protestant, the Catholic would be outside of it. Wrong in principle and dishonest in practice, the bill represented the old discredited Know-nothingism thinly disguised; and, when Gargan opened his guns on it, its friends ran to cover and it perished ignobly.

During the next two years, 1877 and 1878, Mr. Gargan was chairman of the Board of License Commissioners of Boston, and in 1880 and 1881 he was a member of the Board of Police; and in both boards he gained a reputation for good judgment, impartiality, efficiency in administration, and high and honorable standards of conduct in public office. He made no parade of public and personal probity; there was nothing pharisaical about him; he did his duty quietly, courteously, and firmly; he sought to conserve and protect the rights of both city and citizen; he neither stretched the law nor magnified his own im-

portance; and he left office as he had entered it, with clean hands.

Thomas J. Gargan's reputation as a lawyer had been growing steadily with experience and increased practice. He was engaged in many notable cases, and was rising in the esteem and respect of his legal confrères and in the confidence and admiration of his fellow-citizens. To a philosophic, logical, and well-stored mind he added an intellectual breadth, a quick wit, a gentle humor, a temperamental charm, and a fluent, persuasive, and compelling oratory that made him a formidable antagonist and a valuable ally; and his professional practice was marked by an industry and conscientious devotion to causes that earned him not only the confidence and affection of his clients, but the respect and recognition of the courts.

Outside his profession his civic and social worth was recognized, and his attractive gifts were in frequent demand. He was a popular expositor of the principles and doctrines of his political party; he was a charming after-dinner speaker; he understood the rare, fine art of telling a story; he was a favorite on the lecture platform; his generous nature made him unable to deny the frequent calls which charity made upon his services, and, if anything, he gave of himself too freely and taxed his strength and

energy too prodigally for others. He seemed to feel that

> "He that made us with such large discourse,
> Looking before and after, gave us not
> That capability and godlike reason
> To fust in us unused."

Slender, graceful, nervous, never of robust physique, responsive to every draft upon his time and talent, Gargan rather overtaxed himself, and he resolved wisely to take a holiday, to seek rest, recreation, and recuperation in a new land and under kindly skies, and in 1881 he went to Mexico, then a comparative *terra incognita* to Americans. The "Land of God and Liberty," as the people of Mexico rather grandiloquently called the republic, was at that period in a transition stage; the results of the French invasion by the armed forces of Napoleon the Little and the seizure of the government for his puppet Maximilian were passing; the days of the revolutionist and brigand, the politician with the sword, were about over; the peace of exhaustion was upon the land. Porfirio Diaz was ruling the republic with an iron hand. The legality of his title was a quibble for lawyers, since no one was prepared to test his actual possession of the presidency; and he was bringing peace, prosperity, security, and stability of

government out of the chaos, disorder, uncertainty, and instability that had so long marked the national political life of Mexico. It was an interesting reorganization: the sense of security and hope filling the minds of the people, the problems and plans of those who held the government, and the general feeling of optimism prevailing in the country appealed to a man whose nature was as kindly and sympathetic as Gargan's. He was impressed immensely by the intrinsic virtues of the people themselves. He spoke often of the fact that all the years of revolution and unrest had made little, if any, impression upon the abiding springs of the nation's life, its religious, moral, and domestic ideals, beliefs, and traditions. He found the Mexicans kindly, generous, hospitable. He saw that their domestic life was clean, wholesome, happy, and marked by those virtues of paternal affection and care and filial respect and love which make the home ideal and its influence permanent. His Mexican holiday he always recalled with pleasure; its educational influences on him were valuable; it dissipated many erroneous opinions of the people derived from the writings of English and American authors, whose insularity, prepossession, and prejudice seemed to make them unable to deal fairly with anything Spanish, whose view of all things was

the provincial or cockney one, and whose motto was that anything that was different was necessarily inferior and wicked. The dominant tone of the English literature of travel and history is insular, Gargan used to say. The American subservience to or dependence upon that literature, up to very recent years, gave, unconsciously, an insular flavor to the taste and color of the thought of the average American reader; and, unconsciously, there grew in the mind of the reader a contempt and condescension, a pity and patronage, that were as pathetic as ludicrous, for races and people that he really knew nothing about. The broadening of our literary horizon, the diversification of our literary tastes, the draughts of knowledge from other than British sources, and the increase in travel in foreign lands, with its consequent more intimate and accurate knowledge of people, have done much to dissipate and destroy these erroneous estimates of our neighbors.

Not the least interesting feature of his Mexican vacation was his meeting with General U. S. Grant, who was then a visitor and guest in a country that in his younger days he had entered as a soldier and enemy. Mr. Gargan met the great soldier in the Mexican capital, and began a friendship which lasted while the conqueror of Appomattox lived. The sentiments

of respect and admiration which he had ever entertained for the character and achievement of General Grant were deepened by the modesty, simplicity, democracy, and hatred of ostentation and self-exploitation which a more intimate knowledge of and daily association with the man gave him.

When he was called upon to preside at a dinner given by the American residents of the City of Mexico to the most famous and distinguished American then living, Thomas J. Gargan naturally felt flattered and honored; and the many favorable comments made upon the felicity and grace with which he performed his task were very gratifying. The occasion was a notable one, and attracted international attention. Members of the Mexican Cabinet, diplomatic representatives, military dignitaries, and men of prominence in many lines were present and made addresses; and the courtesies extended to General Grant were not only pleasing to his countrymen at home and abroad, but they were the means of extending the reputation of Thomas J. Gargan as a speaker of tact, dignity, sympathy, charm, and eloquence,—a reputation which ceased to be local and became national.

He returned home to work and duty, strengthened and invigorated by his delightful holi-

day, refreshed and recuperated by change and recreation; and he came back with an increased breadth of human view and a deeper and stronger belief in those principles of tolerance and fair play he had always held towards all men after witnessing the spectacle of a so-called "inferior" people working out their own national salvation with at least as much sincerity and zeal and with as large a measure of success as those who so vociferously and vaingloriously asserted their superiority. He began to realize what he had so often surmised, as he himself said laughingly, that national self-conceit, which so frequently does duty for patriotism, is after all merely magnified provincialism. The psychology of the Kelt makes it impossible for him to be provincial: as that amusing character Rory O'More so humorously and epigrammatically phrases it, "An Irishman is never a foreigner."

The occupation of Rome by the Italian army in 1870, after the withdrawal of the French Imperial troops, led to the annexation of the Papal States to the Kingdom of Italy and the suppression of the temporal power of the Papacy; and at once all the Italian laws aimed at the authority of the Catholic Church, the suppression of the religious orders, and the

confiscation and secularization of church property became operative in the recent Papal territory.

The Italian government moved with judicious caution: it was between the radicalism of the Garibaldian revolutionists, on one hand, and the conservative elements of the monarchy who wished to avoid collision with foreign powers, on the other. These and the poverty of the kingdom made the rulers willing to move slowly.

The patriotism which takes the form of confiscation is seldom unpopular with the beneficiaries of it. The word "confiscation" is not popular with a world which toils and sweats, and it is usually concealed under more pleasing euphemisms; and in Rome the work was marked by stealth, caution, and peculiar interpretations of law, for Rome was the capital of the Catholic world, which was averse to having its property plundered to aid greed masquerading as patriotism.

There came a day when the Italian government felt strong enough to reach out for the property of the Sacred College of Cardinals *de Propaganda Fide*, commonly called the Congregation of Propaganda, which controls and directs the administration of the world-wide missionary activities of the Catholic Church.

The College of Propaganda was established to train young men for the priesthood and prepare them for work in the missionary fields; and the gifts of many pious souls all over the Catholic world had gone to erect and maintain its physical property and to garner a working capital ample enough to tempt the cupidity of the predatory patriots of United Italy. In 1883–84 the attempt to seize the property was made, the Italian courts providing the necessary interpretation of law to enable the patriots to proceed with a nice show of legality to the work of plunder.

It is difficult in this land to imagine any American government deliberately plotting to cripple the splendid missionary activities of the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions or any kindred society by confiscating its property under a strained interpretation of law. Church confiscation under the name of a spurious patriotism has never appealed to the average American and it never will.

At once the indignation of the Catholic world was aroused, and protests began to pour in on the startled Italian plunderers in such numbers and from such sources that they could neither be ignored nor defied, and the project was dropped as both dangerous and

impolitic. Moreover, it began to be apparent that the Italian radicals were not only fighting the Catholic Church, but were warring against Christianity generally.

In Boston a meeting of protest against the threatened confiscation was called by the Catholic Union, and it was held in Music Hall on the evening of May 8, 1884. Ex-Governor Gaston presided. The hall was packed to the doors; representative citizens of many religious faiths were present; and resolutions were passed calling on the President of the United States to take action to prevent the contemplated confiscation; and President Arthur responded promptly and cordially to the numerous protests sent him.

In speaking to the resolution, Thomas J. Gargan made an admirable address, basing his views on the universal sanctity which the laws of all civilized countries accorded to property whose use and purpose were for the benefit of religion and humanity. The address in part is given in another portion of this work.

In 1885 Mr. Gargan was selected to deliver the annual Fourth of July address in Faneuil Hall, Boston. The patriotic custom of making a commemorative oration on the national birthday of the Republic has survived longer in Boston than in most American communi-

ties as an occasion for a serious presentation and discussion of American political principles and duties, and as a season and anniversary when an appeal should be made to the people of the capital and Commonwealth of Massachusetts to honor and live close to the teachings and practices of the founders of the Republic. Fourth of July oratory continues and probably will continue as long as the Republic endures; but in Boston there is a distinct deterioration in the text and texture of the deliverances, and apparently an equally distinct distaste on the part of the citizens, with a sense of humor, to sit in hot halls to listen to the praise of principles that the majority of the people of Massachusetts appear to have repudiated, and the denunciation of practices that modern America condones and coddles. But in the remote days of the year of grace 1885, anterior to the glorious era of imperialism and colonial dependencies, Massachusetts still professed a belief in the doctrines of the Fathers of the Republic and a reverence for the names and fame of her sons who had fought, suffered, and died for human freedom, the rights of man, and the principles of justice and national honor. In those dim days the people of the Massachusetts Commonwealth had not been educated by political opportunists and in-

terested time-servers to believe that the practices held to be odious by the patriots and heroes of the Revolution, and which cost George III. his American empire, had become glorious and patriotic when resurrected in our own day and applied to weak and helpless people by American statesmen and soldiers.

Thomas J. Gargan was a sincere believer in and advocate of the pure and simple Americanism of the early republic and the principles upon which it was founded; and he had a profound reverence for the labors and sacrifices of the men who had made the Republic and wrote its creed. The harsh experience which he and his underwent from those who forgot the teachings and lessons of their fathers taught him the weakness of men and the necessity for a constant iteration of American doctrines and restatement of American principles. He felt that as eternal vigilance was the price of freedom, so was the persistent proclamation of freedom's truths the best preventive of the evils which destroy free peoples, whether those evils be the bigotry and provincialism of Know-nothingism or the bullying and dishonesty of imperialism. He brought to his task of orator of that national birthday of 1885 faith, enthusiasm, reverence for the day's significance, and a respect for those who had preceded him

in that place in a similar duty. He was at his best, and Boston, which knows how to control its emotions, pronounced his effort worthy of the day and its traditions, and the speaker fit to take his place among the oratorical elect of the city.

Some of the opinions of the day are worth repeating. The Boston *Post* said,—

> Whether Mr. Gargan made the greatest effort of his life or not in his Fourth of July oration we cannot say, but it was an effort of which any man might feel proud and one which will strengthen the already enviable reputation of that gentleman as an orator.

The Boston *Herald*, at that time the sanest and most influential paper in Boston, said editorially:—

> He [Gargan] succeeded a long line of distinguished men who have stood in that position, beginning with John Warren in 1783, and there are in it Harrison Gray Otis, John Quincy Adams, Josiah Quincy, Charles Francis Adams, Peleg W. Chandler, Charles Sumner and Robert C. Winthrop. It must be said of Mr. Gargan's oration that he suffered nothing by comparison with these distinguished men, and the oration was worthy of the occasion and the man.

One of the line of Gargan's distinguished predecessors cited by the Boston *Herald*, Peleg

W. Chandler, in a sketch prepared for a magazine, after giving a brief story of Mr. Gargan's life and career, made these comments:—

I take interest in giving these minute particulars because they show a self-made man of humble origin who just delivered one of the most able, eloquent, and interesting discourses of the day. It will compare favorably with those of his predecessors on this occasion, who have been reckoned among our ablest orators and statesmen, and I think it has been unequalled for fifty years in Boston.

His reputation as an orator was firmly established now. His sincerity and elevation of thought, his simplicity and beauty of language, his felicity and clarity of expression, united with a pleasing and dignified presence and a voice as mellow and musical as a flute, made him an ideal speaker and one welcome at public functions and political occasions; and, though his generous nature impelled him to give his time and talent freely to all good causes, the increasing demands of his profession, and a physique that was none too strong, compelled him to conserve his strength and reserve his forces for occasions of importance, urgence, and duty, for Thomas J. Gargan took his political and professional duties with an honorable seriousness.

THOMAS J. GARGAN

Politically, Thomas J. Gargan was a Democrat, his democracy comprehending an adherence to that simplicity, sanity, security, and economy of government and administration associated with the name and teaching of Jefferson, and rejecting the chaotic hodge-podge of paternalism, quackery, sophistry, financial folly, economic absurdity, and social demagoguery, which has bewildered and bedevilled the democracy of the last two decades. He advocated sincerely and insistently the necessity of common sense and common honesty in all human activities. He was profoundly convinced that the Constitution of the United States and the preaching and practice of the men who cradled and fostered this Republic were crystallized in those two homely virtues, and that any departures from those simple standards were politically dangerous and morally wrong. He refused to be deflected from what he conceived to be the straight and well-worn path of political honor and duty by either the seductive greed and sugar-coated dishonesty of one party or the vociferous folly and sophistical dishonor of the other.

The Decalogue and the Sermon on the Mount were as strong and sweet, as simple and intelligible, as sacred and needful, for the race, he believed, to-day as in any past age. He

neither expurgated the one nor attenuated the other; he rejected delectable and delusive euphemisms; and he refused to whip the Devil around the post. "Thou shalt not steal," "Thou shalt not kill," "Thou shalt not covet," "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor," were moral mandates as necessary in public as in private life, as essential in the dealings of one nation with another as between man and man. Murder, theft, slander, and dishonor did not change their essence nor lose their evil by changing their terminology and calling themselves war, militarism, imperialism, protection, greenbackism, free-silverism, or any other of the numerous and glittering phases of depravity with political paternity and sonorous nomenclature. The spade still remained a spade.

In days of political excitement and public unrest, when plunder and pretence are tricked out in garments of patriotism and civic righteousness, when the loudest shouter is the greatest patriot, it requires conscience, conviction, and courage to enable a man to stand unwaveringly by unpopular truth and ridiculed principle, and face undismayed the clamor of the unthinking, the rage of the misled, and the sophistries and sneers of the selfish and sinister; and this precisely is what Thomas J.

Gargan did time and again unflinchingly, for his code was simple, his conscience clear, and his courage commensurate with his convictions. He was neither Pharisee nor reactionary: he feared God, respected his conscience, prized his soul, and obeyed the law. His courage and capacity made him honored by the worthy, just as his rectitude, resourcefulness, and wit compelled the respect of those who went roaring with the mob.

In 1886 Mr. Gargan was invited to make the centennial address at the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Charitable Irish Society of Halifax, N.S.; and later in the year his speech ratifying the nomination of the Hon. Frederic O. Prince for governor of Massachusetts, and his reply in Faneuil Hall to a political deliverance of James G. Blaine, were the subjects of admiration and applause. In 1888 he was the orator at the Commencement at Manhattan College, New York; and in 1894, upon the invitation of the city government of Boston, he delivered an admirable eulogy on the character and career of ex-Governor William Gaston, recently deceased. His address in 1896 presenting the John Boyle O'Reilly monument and memorial group to the city of Boston, and the eulogy delivered in 1905 on his dead friend, Patrick A.

Collins, were among the best efforts of his career; for he was not only speaking of men who had been honored and esteemed in the community, but he was eulogizing the comrades he loved and with whom he had worked shoulder to shoulder in a hundred good causes.

The social side of Thomas J. Gargan was a very attractive one. His well-stored mind, joyous temperament, native wit, racy humor, wealth of experience, fund of anecdote, felicity of expression, and unruffled good-humor made him an ideal comrade. He was one of the original "Four of Us" Club, the others being John F. McEvoy of Lowell, John Boyle O'Reilly, and Patrick A. Collins. This club met from time to time to lunch and talk and discuss books, poetry, politics, the progress of their race, the affairs of the land of their fathers, and any and all things likely to yield pleasure or profit in their discussion. It was a brilliant group, and with the passage of time its number increased to about a dozen; and after O'Reilly's death it was called in his honor and memory the John Boyle O'Reilly Club. Its Saturday luncheons were as joyous and enjoyable as any gatherings in Boston, marked as they were by discussion, anecdote, wit, humor, the give and

take of brain and tongue, and, withal, a fine hospitality for any and all opinion. The luncheon was merely a peg upon which the feast of reason and the flow of the soul were hung; and, when the coffee and cigars ended the modest menu, the real things of the gatherings were born, and time passed quickly in an atmosphere charged with radiant good fellowship. There O'Reilly read many of his poems before printer, publisher, and public saw them; there many of Jeffrey Roche's sparkling verses were heard for the first time; and there many a good story of bar and bench, travel and trouble, Church and State, was started on its joyous journey by Gargan, Collins, and others, and set the table in a roar. Seldom a Saturday went by that A. Shuman—who, by common consent and agreement, had come to look after the material affairs of the club and to act towards the joyous group of grown-up boys *in loco parentis*—did not notify them that some native notability or some visitor from abroad was to be the guest of the body; and, whether the guests were friends or strangers, all seemed to relish the hospitality and *bonhomie* of the O'Reilly Club. Among the many who have broken bread at its hospitable board may be recalled: Charles Stewart Parnell; John Dillon; John Redmond; Theodore Roosevelt;

Colonel Arthur Lynch, condemned to death for treason and now an M.P.; Justin McCarthy; the elder Sothern; John McKinnon Robertson, of London, author, lecturer, and M.P.; Seumas McManus; Terence Bellew, father of Kyrle Bellew; Shaw-Taylor, of Galway; Connellan, the Roman correspondent; Paul du Chaillu, explorer, traveller, and author; and many others,—soldiers and sailors of the Republic and men prominent in the affairs of State and nation.

Once a year the club met at Hetmere, the beautiful and hospitable home of A. Shuman down by the sea at Beverly, and there the health of the quick and the memory of the dead were remembered and toasted. Death, the reaper, was always at work. McEvoy and O'Reilly were followed by Collins; Wyman and Belknap, gentlemen and sailor-men, had gone upon their last voyage; Jeffrey Roche had answered the last call; others were scattered here and there; but dead or alive, present or absent, none was forgotten. The O'Reilly Club was close to Tom Gargan's heart. He went to it with pleasurable anticipation, he left it cheered and inspirited, and he loved to recall the good things he had listened to and to chuckle over them in reminiscence.

He belonged to the Catholic and Champlain Clubs of New York, the Mount Pleasant Chapter, Knights of Columbus, and the Catholic Union of Boston, and he was one of the trustees of the Catholic Summer School of America. His attitude towards these bodies was largely one of duty. He regarded them in a large measure as lay agencies of his Church, whose activities were designed to be as much Catholic and religiously conservative as social.

He was a member of the Charitable Irish Society of Boston, a body founded in 1737, at a period when, according to the veracious chroniclers of New England, the Irishman was an unknown quantity in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. However, the society was founded by persons, as Gargan used to say with a smile, who ignorantly called themselves Irish without waiting to be identified and labelled by the New England mythologists of the Lodge school, and he was always warmly interested in the progress and work of this historic society, and often spoke at its gatherings and anniversaries. With a perversity almost shocking this ancient society celebrated Patrick's Day year in and year out, doubtless to irritate the solemn historical romancers of Boston.

Thomas J. Gargan was, all his years, fond

of the study of history. Memoirs and biographies of the great dead gave him a keen enjoyment; and, while history in its general sense appealed to him, the history of the discovery, conquest, and settlement of America, and the story of Ireland and the Irish, touched his mind and heart most keenly. He was broad in his sympathies, and his admiration for the discoverers and pioneers of what is now the American Republic, and their courage and achievement, was hearty and genuine. Nothing so stirred his indignation and contempt as the latter-day perversions of truth and the distortions of fact which have been foisted on the American people as history. When half a dozen men, along in 1896, met and discussed the founding of a society to combat this evil, as far as it concerned the American-Irish, he was interested at once; and when on the evening of January 20, 1897, the organizers gathered at the Revere House, Boston, and founded the American-Irish Historical Society, he presided over its deliberations.

The announced purpose of the society was the study of American history generally, but specially to investigate the part played by the Irish race in the discovery, exploration, settlement, and upbuilding of the country, and to endeavor, as far as the ascertainment of facts and

figures could so do, to correct erroneous and distorted views of historical transactions and to promote and foster an honorable and national spirit of American patriotism. The society was really the conception of one of Thomas J. Gargan's friends, Mr. Joseph Smith of Lowell, who interested James Jeffrey Roche, John C. Linnehan of Concord, N.H., and Thomas Hamilton Murray of Lawrence, Mass., all now dead, and with their aid drew up a call for signatures, wrote a constitution and by-laws, and made preparation for starting the society right. The call was signed by some thirty men, among whom, besides Thomas J. Gargan, were Theodore Roosevelt, Senator Patrick Walsh of Georgia, Senator Matthew Galbraith Butler of South Carolina; Rev. Dr. Thomas J. Conaty, rector of the Catholic University, Washington, D.C.; Admiral Meade, U.S.N.; Rev. George Pepper, Cleveland, Ohio; Rev. Andrew Morrissey, president of the University of Notre Dame, Indiana; and others, representing various religious beliefs and racial admixtures. It is somewhat difficult for the average, easy-going, thoughtless American of non-Irish origin to understand and appreciate the depth and bitterness of the contempt and indignation with which men of the Irish race view the deliberate perversion of the plain facts of history

to discredit the Irish people; and when this distortion of truth, this falsification of record and fact, is accompanied by a smug and pharisaic air of superiority, a constant iteration of platitude, and a deliberate and unrebuked misappropriation of historic honors, the American-Irish can hardly be censured for believing that the pseudo-historians of New England are utterly incapable of writing truth, that they prefer legend and fiction to hard facts and record, and are essentially untrustworthy. When we find legends built over night accepted in the morning as historic fact; when, for instance, in the teeth of a denial from John Hay, the American Secretary of State, and in defiance of the existent documentary evidence, we are asked to accept the apocryphal story of European conspiracy against America during the Spanish War and a noble advocacy of our cause by the British Empire,—what chance has historic truth a century or more old against the resolute determination to falsify?

Hence the American-Irish Historical Society was born. In his post-prandial address Gargan touched on this peculiar attitude of New England's so-called historians, and among other things said:—

In our proposed work we will discard the legendary and the mythical. We are living in a scientific age at

the end of the Nineteenth Century, the age of the microscope and the X-ray, and we ask for the acceptance of no historical data that will not bear the modern searchlight and that is not sufficiently proven. The object of this association is to call to mind those noble types of men and women that the Irish race has sent here, that we may receive credit for our fair share in the development and maintenance of a government founded upon manhood. We, of this generation, decline to accept that series of lies which English historians and their imitators have agreed upon as a truthful history of what the Irish have done in this country or any other country.

Rear-Admiral Richard Worsam Meade, U.S.N., was chosen as first president-general of the society; the Hon. Edward A. Moseley succeeded him; and Mr. Gargan was elected to the position in 1899 and 1900, his interest and sympathy for its work aiding materially in its growth and prosperity.

Mr. Gargan was a member of the University Club of Boston, as well as of the well-known literary and Bohemian organization, the Papyrus Club.

In the latter part of the year 1893 he was appointed a member of the Boston Transit Commission by Mayor Nathan Matthews, and he retained his official connection with that body until he died. The Commission built the Tremont Street Subway, the East Boston Tun-

nel, and the Washington Street Subway, and these works were constructed well within the amount appropriated for them and in such manner that no similar structures in America or Europe surpass them in stability, adaptation of means to end, and practical utility. Mr. Gargan gained the esteem and affection of his fellow-commissioners by his wisdom, sound counsel, and genial temperament, guiding them over many a hard spot and helping to untangle many a knotty problem. He set his face as a flint against the meddling of politicians in the work to be done, and was one with his co-mates in keeping political methods out of a great public work, which was carried to success with efficiency, economy, and an eye single to the public good.

In the business life of the city and State he helped to organize the United States Trust Company and the Columbian National Life Insurance Company, in both of which bodies he was a trustee.

In 1909 Mr. Gargan received his last appointment to any public office when he was made one of the Commissioners of the Metropolitan Improvement Commission, which the act of legislature creating it said—

> Shall be composed of persons of recognized qualification and large experience in respect to one or more of the

following subjects or professions: finance, commerce, industry, transportation, real estate, architecture, engineering, civic administration, and law.

All through life Mr. Gargan identified himself with nearly every movement designed to better the political and industrial condition of Ireland; but he was not narrow in his sympathies, and was willing to aid any sane and honorable attempt for political and religious liberty anywhere with voice and pen and purse.

The Jew fighting the persecution of the Muscovite; the struggle of the Pole against Prussia and Russia and the Finn against the Czar; the Armenian seeking protection from the lust of the Kurd and the sword of the Turk; and the Boer in arms against the greed and guilt of an empire,—these all appealed to him, and called forth a friend in need. Cruelty and intolerance, ignorance and bigotry, he fought constantly; but he never allowed his wrath at the evil to extend to the man, and many a foeman was disarmed by his quick wit and gentle humor.

It was characteristic of the man that during his last illness, from which a few months later he died, he could still think of the political hopes of Ireland, and, forgetting his pains, find

the time and the opportunity to send a check from Wiesbaden to the United Irish League fund in Boston.

Whether in the legislative chamber or the court-room, in board meeting or public hearing, on the street or in his home, Mr. Gargan always had with him a fine courtesy and a quick wit; and his good temper, good manners, patience, and alertness were things that impressed juries and audiences, charmed the bench and quite frequently disarmed his opponents. It was a delight, as a rule, to all in court when "Tom" Gargan in his halcyon days appeared for a client; and it was in a trial at Cambridge that a justice said, "I am glad to see you here, Brother Gargan: when you are trying a case, there is no dull music in the court-room." He had that gift which is more valuable than genius in knowing when to question a witness and when to let him alone; and he knew how to create an atmosphere of sympathy for his client, just as at times by a question or suggestion he could with gentleness and blandness extract an answer from the other side that was calculated to engender suspicion and doubt in the minds of a listening jury.

At a heated hearing over some plans submitted for a public building, the purposes of

which were altogether practical and utilitarian, the architectural scheme was rather severely criticised; and, although since their utilization and the erection of the building they have proven acceptable and have grown in public favor, at that time they were unpopular in some very authoritative circles. Their rejection and the consequent delays following such action would have been vexatious and detrimental to public interests, and Gargan was retained to look after the Department's rights and action. The opposition had put on a public man whose professional standing was high and whose opinions were held to be almost infallible; and he scored the architect's plans unmercifully. His was a testimony that was all the more difficult to negative because it was simple, direct, positive, and hard to controvert. Gargan did not seek to do this: he simply started in to create an atmosphere of doubt. His shrewdness and knowledge of human nature made him work upon that phase of mind which makes men revolt from infallibility, which leads them to tire of and reject perfection, just as they tired of and rejected him who was called Aristides the Just.

His examination of the great man was brief, bland, gentle, and soft-voiced, and ran in about this way:—

"Michel Angelo was one of the world's greatest artists and architects?"

"Yes, sir."

"His work was criticised harshly by his contemporaries?"

"Yes, sir."

"But it has grown to be the admiration and wonder of the world?"

"Yes, sir."

"Thank you, Mr. ——, that will be all."

The doubt as to the justice of the criticisms, not the knowledge or good faith, of the expert was planted and germinated and the plans were accepted. A less clever man might have let the dangerous witness go unquestioned or have unwisely doubled the danger by bringing out more of his positive knowledge in attempting to discredit his standing. Gargan took him on his unguarded side, and sweetly suggested by his simple harmless questions that even the best men are not devoid of envy and the greatest not free from carpers and critics.

"Tom" Gargan and "Tom" Riley were personal friends of long standing. Both were equipped with wit and humor, both were well-trained men; and time and again they faced each other as antagonists in the trial of causes. Then the members of the Suffolk Bar enjoyed themselves, for it was Greek against Greek;

and, when they crossed swords and matched wits, the dull precincts of justice were filled with sunshine. Each waited alert to trip the other in a slip in his law, a misquotation of a text, a wrong reading of a poet, and a dozen other ways and means to rattle the other fellow out of his legal victory. "Tom" Riley had the poets and classics at his tongue's end, and that same tongue was tipped with a nice Doric brogue, and when one day he interjected, "He who steals my purse steals thrash," Gargan blandly suggested that Shakespeare had written "trash" which Riley's brogue had mellowed into "thrash." The bar snickered, the eyes on the bench twinkled, and "Tom" Riley shook his mane and waited for his turn to come later.

Gargan always enjoyed telling the story of a seemingly slow-witted Irish witness who kept answering "Tom" Riley's questions with a monotonous "I don't know, sir," while the disgusted attorney kept running his fingers through his long locks nervously, for "Tom" Riley did love a jungle-like profusion of hair. Irritated at last by the persistent "Know-nothingism" of the witness, Riley walked over to him, and, pointing a finger of scorn at him, demanded satirically, "Is there anything you do know?" "Yes, sir," answered the witness

as slowly and soberly as he had answered all his previous questions,—"I know enough to get my hair cut."

The court-room was in a gale of laughter as the witness was told to step down. That allusion to a hair-cut was the unkindest cut of all, for it lost "Tom" Riley his case. The friendly rivals are both under the sod to-day, and the world still tastes the sweetness they brought to it.

Gargan studied law in the office of Henry W. Paine, one of the ablest lawyers of his day. One day, years after he had been admitted to the bar and when his peculiar powers and gifts had been demonstrated, Paine came upon Gargan in the Registry Office, engaged in a task customarily esteemed pure drudgery by lawyers,—the examination of a title of a parcel of real estate. Stepping over to Gargan, the older man said, "What! a race horse at the plough?" Another and honored member of the profession, Justice Blodgett of the Massachusetts Superior Court, commenting on Gargan's ability as a speaker, said he was one of the few lawyers in Massachusetts who possessed the real gift of eloquence.

His quickness of wit and his alertness in seizing victory from sudden situations were often illustrated.

THOMAS J. GARGAN

During the prevalence of the wretched A. P. A. mania a conspiracy was organized to disgrace a well-known Catholic priest and bring humiliation to his co-religionists; and a negro woman was selected and trained to do the work the scandalous crime called for. When the negress was testifying, her attorney called on the accused clergyman to rise in the court for the purpose of identification. Gargan was on his feet in an instant, and objected. Turning to the woman, he said, "Go over there where you see those priests sitting, and pick out the one you accuse of the crime." The woman picked out a young-looking priest, ignoring the man her perjuries had indicted, and the conspirators were driven out of court.

In asking the legislature, the General Court, to adjourn over Good Friday, Gargan heard a back country "Puritan" raise the objection that he had never heard of any court or legislature adjourning on that day, and rather rudely demanded to know if Gargan knew of any such. With admirable temper he came back like a flash, and said he had never heard of any court that held its session on Good Friday except one, and Pontius Pilate presided at that. It is needless to say the resolution was passed.

THOMAS J. GARGAN

Thomas J. Gargan was hospitable and domestic in nature and taste. He loved his home, and was never better pleased than when his friends sat round his board. He was twice married. His first wife was Miss Catherine L. McGrath, to whom he was married in 1868. A charming and cultivated woman, a graduate of Notre Dame Academy, an excellent French and Spanish scholar, and a contributor of repute to the literary journals of the early sixties, Mrs. Gargan was withal a woman of quiet and domestic tastes, an ideal wife and helpmate, and her music and books, her culture and refinement, were given to her home and the circle of intimates that gathered there. For society in its broad and general sense she had little taste: her house was her kingdom, and the activities which took her beyond its circle were mainly religious and charitable. Always actively benevolent, Mrs. Gargan not only contributed generously to the charities of the Church, but she maintained a small army of pensioners among the blind and defective poor of the city. Her death, August 28, 1892, was widely and sincerely mourned, and by none more than by the husband whose life she had brightened for twenty-four years.

In December, 1898, he was wedded in the Baltimore Cathedral to Miss Helena Nordhoff,

of Washington, a member of an old Catholic family of Westphalia, Germany, whose homestead, dating from 1510, is still standing in Münster, the capital of the duchy, and whose father was a colonel of German infantry. Mr. Gargan and Miss Nordhoff first met at the Catholic Summer School at Lake Champlain, and their acquaintance soon ripened into friendship and esteem. She was a woman of education, cultivation, travel, and refinement: he was a man of a singularly attractive nature. Each found the other a complement to each, and certainly the very happy life that followed the marriage, and the love and devotion that marked its existence until death came to shatter its happiness, proved the wisdom of the union.

Though much of an invalid in later years and suffering more or less from an irritating intestinal trouble, his home life, whether in Brimmer Street or Falmouth Heights, was an ideal one; and he was the first to forget his own invalidism when friends were in the house, and to laugh at his own ills.

During the later years of his life he went several times to Europe, hoping by change of scene and the waters of the German baths to get rid of his ailment; and, while he seemed to come home improved in body and mind, it

was evident that such improvement as he gained was merely temporary. Doubtless the deaths of many of his intimates affected him more than he confessed. The passing of Collins was a blow to him; the death of his old friend Paul du Chaillu, far from home in distant Russia, touched him sensibly; and, as he left the Church of St. Cecilia to take the steamer for Germany as the body of Jeffrey Roche was being borne out to be carried to Holyhood, he said to me, "They are all going, one by one: I believe I shall be the next."

He went away and never came back in the flesh, yet he went away cheerful and hopeful; for even the pangs of what was an incurable illness were not poignant enough to conquer a spirit so cheery or painful enough to make his pessimism other than transitory.

He went back to Wiesbaden, but it was soon apparent to his physicians that heroic treatment was necessary, if the evil he suffered from was to be eradicated, his health restored, and his life prolonged. Dr. Franz Jung and his wife, Dr. Sophie Jung, of Washington, D.C., sister and brother-in-law of Mrs. Gargan, both eminent in their profession, were with him in Wiesbaden; and they advised his removal to Berlin for consultation with and examination by the eminent specialist Professor Boas, of

the Prussian capital. There it was decided that a surgical operation was imperative to prevent death by slow starvation, and Mr. Gargan was taken to the private hospital of Professor Koerts, who performed the operation, July 23, 1908. He came out of the operation in good condition and in excellent spirits; but later post-operative pneumonia set in, and the weakened frame was unable to carry the brave and cheerful spirit through the crisis. After the last sacraments of his Church had been administered to him by the Reverend Father, the Count von Galen, chaplain of St. Anthony's Church of Berlin, with his wife and Dr. and Mrs. Jung at his bedside, Thomas J. Gargan went out and into a better and nobler world as calmly, bravely, confidently, and cheerily as he had lived in this one. To a man whose religious faith was as simple, sincere, and unquestioning as that of Thomas J. Gargan, death had no terrors. Death meant merely the end of pain and the beginning of a nobler life with the friends whom he had loved on earth and who had solved the great mystery before him; and, fortified by the consolations of his religion and the knowledge that he had lived clean and wrought straight, he saluted Death with a smile, and passed out of life as he had passed through it, high of heart and brave of soul.

THOMAS J. GARGAN

The news of his death, while not unexpected, was a shock to an army of friends and admirers. It called forth a chorus of unfeigned regret in public and private life, and the press without exception accepted his death as a distinct loss to Boston and the Commonwealth. I cannot express my sense of his loss, and that of hundreds with whom I came in contact, any better to-day than I did when the cables first told of his death, when I wrote these words in the Boston *Traveller:*—

In the death of Thomas J. Gargan, Boston has lost an ideal citizen; hundreds of residents of Boston have lost a friend they admired and honored; the men of his race and religion have lost an eloquent advocate and defender; and I have lost a comrade and intimate as dear to me as one of my own flesh and blood, a companion and friend whose friendship was tried and true, an associate whose graces of head and heart appealed to the best in me, and made his association a thing to be cherished and remembered until I shall answer the last call myself.

"Tom" Gargan was a man of poetic and idealistic temperament; an honorable man, he loved all things honorable and eschewed the mean and contemptible things of life, be they men or causes; he was kindly, gentle, tender, and charitable in his relations to the world; he saw the cheap fibre of the Pharisee and the humbug, yet he seldom raised the voice censorious to confound the sinful and weak; his standards of conduct were simple and plain, and he lived, but never preached those standards. Loyal and sincere in his friendships, he guarded

the reputations of his friends with jealousy, and thought no service too onerous to aid them over a rough place. Their success was his pleasure; the honors they achieved were a personal joy to him; and, once he took a man to his heart,—and no heart was more loyal and tender,—his name and fame remained through good report and evil.

The friendship of "Tom" Gargan was a jewel of great price; and, until the gate that separates life and death shall open for me, I shall esteem that friendship one of the most precious things that has come into my earthly experience.

Under date of June 17 he wrote me from Wiesbaden the last personal message on earth I received from him, and, whatever hopes physicians and friends may have held out to him, he himself felt he was starting upon his last journey when he went to Berlin. That letter was one of the most pathetic it has been my fortune to receive. He recalled all his intimates with affection, remembering their oddities and the qualities which bound him to them; and he faced what he believed to be the inevitable with a courage and resignation as admirable as cheerful. He spoke of the narrowing of our common circle of friends who had met for so many years; he noted the death of Admiral Belknap; he spoke of the passing of Paul du Chaillu, of Patrick A. Collins, of Julius Palmer, and of Jeffrey Roche, and he believed he would soon be with them; and then he referred with tender affection to those who still remained. The letter was that of a brave, kindly, reverent soul, who had lived up to his ideals, who had done his duty constantly and fearlessly, who had been true to his friendships, and was ready to close the book and face the future without a tremor. It was a strangely moving communication from a man writing

his own death warrant and facing the end like the brave, true gentleman he was. He concluded by saying, "Let us hope that I am saying *auf wiedersehen*, and not good-bye." As Arthur Macy wrote: "Sit closer, friends. Here is health to the living and the memory of the dead."

He is now himself among the dead, leaving behind him a memory fragrant of good deeds and tender affections; and surely no whiter and sweeter soul has ever entered into the goodly company of Heaven than "Tom" Gargan. I can say in all sincerity with his co-religionists in that faith he loved so well and served so long, May he rest in peace! and I can hope for nothing better when I am called to go hence than he will be waiting beyond to welcome me into that life which has no ending and into a continuance of a comradeship which will be eternal.

All that was mortal of him was brought back across the sea to his Boston home in Brimmer Street, whence on the morning of October 16, 1908, in the golden haze of autumn, he was borne to the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, where the solemn and impressive funeral rites of his faith and Church were celebrated in the presence of dignitaries of Church and State, bench and bar, city and county, and a congregation that represented every walk of life, every activity of the community. Outside the sacred edifice the streets were congested with people unable to gain entrance to the cathedral, —a hushed and saddened gathering which had

come to pay its last tribute of respect and affection to the man they had honored and esteemed in life.

And so he passed out of the City of the Living into the City of the Dead, to find that surcease from pain, that everlasting peace and rest, which come only when life's fitful dream is o'er. They laid him under the cool sod of Holyhood where slept the comrades who had gone before him,—the silver tongue touched with the silence and mystery of death, the dead hands folded across his breast, on the dead lips the smile whose sweetness even death could not erase, the great heart stilled at last.

"Dust to its narrow house beneath!
Soul to its place on high!
They that have seen thy look in death
No more may fear to die."

APPENDIX.

The death of any public man in American life calls out comment, much of which is tepid, banal, perfunctory. The very publicity of such a career seems to demand that its record shall be rounded out with the cool and conventional phraseology of that praise which custom has decreed and whose text is *De mortuis nil nisi bonum.* Only when the dead man has touched the heart and conscience of his fellows do we see the conventional swept aside and hear utterance and expression from press and people throbbing with genuine feeling.

In the case of Thomas J. Gargan these expressions of opinion were as spontaneous as sincere. They represented a very genuine sorrow, a regret mingled with affection and admiration for the dead man.

The journalist is the hardest-worked and illest-paid man in the professions, as he is the most sophisticated; he is constantly behind the scenes; he sees the seamy side of men, the clay feet of idols; he is familiar with the tricks of popularity; he is difficult to awe and slow to hero-worship; he has long watched the making and breaking of soap bubbles; and he knows

public men with embarrassing accuracy. When the newspaper man drops the conventional and perfunctory and speaks of a man out of his heart, his opinion will represent an estimate of character and work that must command respect.

Lack of space precludes any but a few quotations from the many opinions and estimates of Thomas J. Gargan, uttered and written after his death, and these are confined to those published in the press:—

The Boston *Transcript* said of Gargan: "The news of the fatal termination of the illness of Thomas J. Gargan will cause profound regret to many circles in Boston with whose social life and public service he had been so long and so conspicuously identified. He was a brilliant and successful member of the Boston bar. . . . He possessed in a marked degree both the wit and eloquence of his race. . . . He was a delightful companion and a man of high civic and social ideals."

And the Boston *Herald:* "Mr. Gargan exemplified some of the finest qualities of mind and heart of the race that has come to play so large a part in the history of modern New England. Wit and humor, good fellowship, reverence for religion, civic patriotism, championship of needy causes and persons,—these he displayed through a worthy career."

And this from the Boston *Globe:* "Mr. Gargan's generous, gifted nature always was actively identified in sentiment and effort with the broadest current of life in

Boston. . . . He was a great orator in matter and manner of speech, and the strong influence which he exercised in political affairs was never misdirected in factional alliance. In public, private, and professional life he united learning with wit and enthusiasm with good humor in a degree that commanded universal esteem and affection."

The Boston *Journal* wrote: "The parents of the Hon. Thomas J. Gargan, who died in Berlin yesterday, came to Boston in the early part of the last century, seeking opportunities denied them in Ireland. They found peace and prosperity here; and, without abating one jot of the loyalty due the faith and the land of his forefathers, the son became one of Boston's foremost citizens. . . . Mr. Gargan's life was another striking instance of fine personal development turned to good service for the community in general. It was the life of a model citizen, clean and strong on all sides. Out of such lives the lesson for the rising generation must be taken and taught."

And the Boston *Post:* "His death is a loss to the city and the State, and to the profession in which he held a distinguished place; and to the many who knew the warmth of his kindly nature and the sincerity of his soul it comes as a grief. . . . His name is associated with three who have gone before,—with Patrick A. Collins, John Boyle O'Reilly, and James Jeffrey Roche. These three were friends through the sympathy of genius as well as by temperament; and, while each gave much to the honor of the community in which they held citizenship, the work done by Mr. Gargan was of longer continuance and the service of perhaps greater permanence. Mr. Gargan possessed the gift of oratory in a remarkable

degree. He was one of the most brilliant public speakers that Boston has produced."

Again quoting the *Herald:* "To-day the mortal remains of the late Thomas J. Gargan will be interred in Holyhood, where repose those of O'Reilly, Collins, Roche, Riley, and other notable representatives of their race who have passed on. A brilliant galaxy, each gifted with distinctive characteristics, but all endowed with qualities of mind, heart, and spirit that have left a deep impression on the records of their day and generation."

Said the Springfield *Republican:* "The mourning in Boston for the passing of Thomas J. Gargan is both general and genuine. He had not only a racial love for good oratory, but he joined to the oratorical gift sane, calm, and broad composition, which made his public speeches the expression of thought and not merely words gracefully conceived. He was a straightforward character, a vigilant and well-informed citizen, governed always by a high sense of honor both personal and public. He was a well-read and more than usually full-rounded man. . . . He was, indeed, a worthy and representative citizen, not only of Boston, but of the State."

So throughout the State from many sources came the praises of a man whose life had been one of honor and service, and expressions of genuine sorrow for his death; and in a majority of instances his name and work were coupled with those of his dead friends, O'Reilly, Roche, and Collins, for they had much in common,

even though their genius and talent found expression in different ways. They had worked together in life; they had labored highly and honorably for the race that bore them and the Republic they had made their home; and they sleep together forever in the hallowed precincts of Holyhood.

ADDRESS

DELIVERED IN MUSIC HALL, BOSTON, MAY 8, 1884, PROTESTING AGAINST THE CONFISCATION OF THE COLLEGE OF THE CONGREGATION OF THE PROPAGANDA IN ROME BY THE ITALIAN GOVERNMENT.

Mr. Chairman and Ladies and Gentlemen:

We have assembled this evening to give utterance to a protest and an expression of our indignation at that which every right-thinking man must feel is a wanton disregard of the rights of private property on the part of the Italian government, as shown in the attempt to confiscate the property of the Congregation of the Propaganda in Rome. As individuals, we must view with alarm the action of a government that not only denies the right of the heir to his inheritance,—a necessary consequence of the principles of labor,—but aims a blow at labor itself, which is not only physical, but of the mind, and declares that its products and accumulations, if contributed for the uses of religion and charity, shall not be respected. As Catholics, we would be abject cowards if we did not assert our manhood and declare against such

doctrines; as citizens of an enlightened country, we would be false to the principles of our government if we did not repudiate the methods of the robber barons of the thirteenth century and the morals that teach that "might is right." We are here, therefore, to appeal to that great tribunal of the nineteenth century,—public opinion. The day of the divine right of kings to plunder their subjects and to take property that is held in trust for Christian civilization has passed never to return. This is the day of the divine right of the people to protest; and no statesman nor government can afford to disregard that protest which comes from men uncontrolled by prejudices or personal influences and which has behind it the public conscience. We simply ask as citizens of the United States that impartial justice be rendered by the Italian government.

Do we as Catholics make an unreasonable demand? Let us examine the facts and define our position.

In the year 1622, two years after the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, Pope Gregory XV. instituted the Congregation of the Propaganda at Rome. For what objects? Not to train men in the arts of war, nor to foster the military vanity of a people, not to educate men in statecraft, not to stimulate their ambition for

worldly honors. Oh, no! for no such objects did Gregory XIII. conceive the idea of the Congregation of the Propaganda, instituted by Gregory XV. and completed by Urban VIII. Its object was to so train men that they might fulfil the Scriptural injunction and go forth to teach all nations, preaching the gospel of the Redeemer,—men whose sole object in life was the greater honor and glory of their Creator. Gregory XIII. appreciated the importance of the discovery of the Western Continent and the new road to India and Cathay by the way of Cape of Good Hope. The Catholic Church, ever in the vanguard of civilization, sent its missionary priests with the Spanish and Portuguese expeditions. Bernal Diaz and our own historian Prescott tell us that, while the restless Cortez, with insatiable ambition, was carrying the flag of Spain to the heart of Mexico, the Catholic missionaries were doing much to alleviate the suffering of the natives, too often the victims of military cruelty. In the North Champlain had claimed all the territory north of the St. Lawrence for the King of France, and Parkman, our own townsman, has portrayed for us in his admirable historical series examples of heroism, devotion, bravery, and saintliness unrivalled in the history of all the ages. Who can read his vivid descriptions and not feel a thrill

of admiration for the Chevalier Champlain, the man of noble spirit, the statesman, the soldier to whom "the saving of a soul was worth more than the conquest of an empire"? Who can read unmoved the story of the lion-hearted Father Brébeuf, the delicate and tenderly reared Parisian, Father Lallemant, soldiers of the cross, companions in that journey of a thousand miles through trackless forests to the country of the Hurons, where they gave up their lives as martyrs to the cause of Christianity and Christian civilization? And those brave Fathers, Davost and Daniel and De Nouë! And Father Jogues, the magnificent, who, wounded and maimed by the Iroquois, rescued and taken to France by a Dutch trader, obtained a dispensation to cross the ocean once more and win the martyr's crown in the valley of the Mohawk.

The visible head of the Catholic Church beheld in these efforts of the societies of France and Spain for the propagation of the faith the importance and necessity of a university at Rome where men from all parts of the world might receive the necessary education and training to fit them to teach all nations. Hence the establishment of the College of the Propaganda which has made all nations its debtors and which all nations have liberally contrib-

uted to maintain. For two centuries and a half by the pious offerings from the labor of all nations this great institution has gone on doing its great work. To give an adequate idea of what it has accomplished would be to attempt to give the history of Christian civilization during that period. Its graduates in the garb of missionary priests have penetrated all lands, and sought, not the abode of luxury, but the haunts of misery and vice, carrying hope and consolation with them; and, while their knowledge has not been of this world, by their observation and knowledge obtained in China, India, and other lands, they have contributed to the advancement of the arts and sciences in England and America. The Italian government is now aiming a death blow at this institution,—an institution that has done more for democracy than any other institution of learning in the world. In its schools and academic halls meet men of every race, color, and language. It tolerates no castes, no exclusiveness, no narrow prejudices. All meet on the plane of equality; and no more fitting tribute was ever paid to the Propaganda than that pronounced by the eulogist of Toussaint L'Ouverture, a name ever honored by the Catholic Church as it is revered by all lovers of liberty. Our own great Boston orator, whose lips also are closed in death (who,

were he living and with us in the flesh, would have been on this platform to-night to give utterance, as he alone could, to his indignation at the monstrous injustice of the action of the Italian government), Wendell Phillips, on one occasion, speaking of his experience in Europe, said:—

> I entered the Eternal City and went to St. Peter's. I listened to the music, and, as it died away, standing, as I was, behind a massive pillar which obscured my view, I caught the words of a sermon delivered in faultless English, and, moving forward to catch a view of the speaker, I beheld there in the pulpit of St. Peter's a full-blooded negro preaching the Gospel of Christ, and I said nowhere else could I have witnessed such a scene but in the Catholic Church. All honor to such democracy! All honor to the Propaganda for its grand work in behalf of Christian civilization!

This institution, the property of all the Catholic world, the Italian government proposes to confiscate by virtue of the act of July 7, 1866, which declares that all congregations which enjoy community life are no longer recognized in the kingdom and are suppressed, and by the later law of August, 1867, that such property shall be turned into the treasury, and that the net revenue only shall revert to the original owners. The Italian Court of Cassation in its construction of these acts says that this may be

done. We say this is legal robbery, and, while we may admit that the Italian Court of Cassation has not the power of the United States Supreme Court, and can only pass upon the construction of the statutes, and not upon their constitutionality, we maintain that their construction is not sound and fair, as it was expressly and solemnly avowed by King Victor Emmanuel that these laws were not aimed at the Propaganda, as there is, strictly speaking, no community life in that institution. The prompt action of President Arthur and Mr. Astor, the American Minister at Rome, have saved the American College from the provisions of these acts. They have been promptly declared exempt. Justice demands that the whole property of the Propaganda be declared exempt. We protest against this attempted confiscation in the name of religion, in the name of culture, in the name of civil liberty, in the name of Christian civilization, and condemn it as worthy only of the age of the Goth and Vandal. We know that in this protest we give utterance to the eternal principles of justice, which are above and beyond all law, and which the Divine Ruler of this Universe has implanted in all our hearts; and I but echo your thoughts and feelings when I say this cosmopolitan institution must be saved from the rapacity of the Italian government.

While in America Harvard and Yale and some of our Catholic colleges may reflect our opinions and speak for America, Trinity and Maynooth for Ireland, Oxford and Cambridge for England, Paris for France, Stockholm for Norway and Sweden, Heidelberg, Leipsic, and Bonn for Germany, the College of the Propaganda knows no boundaries of states or kingdoms or empires, but belongs to all mankind.

ORATION.

(July 4, 1885.)

Mr. Mayor and Fellow-Citizens of Boston:—

One hundred and nine years ago this morning George III. was King of Great Britain and Ireland and of the British Colonies in North America; yet before the setting of the sun on that day the fairest portion of his North American colonies had forsworn their allegiance and declared their independence. That proclamation of independence they made good by seven long and painful years of unequal war. We rejoice and congratulate each other that we have lived to see the auspicious opening of another Independence Day. The large audience assembled here; the multitudes that have suspended their ordinary labors and fill the streets of this great city, and of every city, town, and hamlet in the several States and territories of the Union; the thousands of faces aglow with joy and sympathy,—attest and proclaim that the day and the events which it commemorates have left a deep impression in our hearts, and that this generation of Americans has not forgotten the teachings of the

fathers. It is fitting and appropriate that, on the anniversary of such a memorable day in our annals, we should indulge somewhat in retrospection. The English-speaking people have had two great epochs in their history which materially affected their liberties,—not only their liberties, but the liberties and governments of the civilized world. The first epoch was in the early part of the thirteenth century, when the barons of England determined to resist the doctrine of the divine right of kings, and the assumption that the king could do no wrong. Several conferences had been held with King John, and finally the barons assembled at St. Paul's, in London, where Stephen Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury, who had been appointed by the pope to that see, despite the opposition of the king, called them to order, and read to them, and commented upon the provisions of the Great Charter of England. They answered by loud acclamations of approval, and Langton administered the oath by which they bound themselves to each other "to conquer or die in defence of their liberties." The terms of the charter were at first indignantly refused by King John. He exclaimed, after hearing it read, "They might as well have demanded my crown." But the assemblage at Stamford, in

Easter week of the year 1215, of the barons and two thousand knights, their esquires and followers, with Robert Fitzwalter at their head, and the march to and occupation of London by the barons, brought the king to a sense of the real condition of existing affairs, and a time and place were appointed for a conference. At Runnymede the king met the barons.

On one side stood Fitzwalter and the majority of the barons and nobility of England, on the other side the king and eight bishops and fifteen gentlemen as his trusty advisers; and there the king most unwillingly signed the great charter of English liberties,—signed for you and for me and for all men. Those liberties are now the common property of all nations. The charter provided that the subject should be secure in his person, liberty, and property; that he should not be deprived of either without due process of law; that the courts should no longer follow the person of the king, but be held in some certain place; confirmed to all cities, boroughs, and towns the enjoyment of their ancient liberties according to the terms of their charters, and reaffirmed the right of trial by jury. Looking down six centuries of time, enjoying as we do the full blessings of liberty, we can appreciate the importance of that day's meeting at Runnymede. There not only King

John, but all kings were, for the first time, defeated by the people; there the first real battle was fought; there the first real victory won. The principles embodied in the charter were not new. The English people were simply demanding that the king should observe the prerogatives of the fathers which a succession of kings had gradually usurped. Though the charter had been signed, the battle was not ended. It was not supposed that its terms would be cheerfully observed by King John, who believed that it had been wrung from him by force. Yet he was too diplomatic to show his displeasure openly; and, while he appeared to conform, he secretly intrigued and endeavored to nullify the provisions of the charter. Nor were his successors any the less tenacious of what they considered their kingly rights. It required no less than thirty-eight successive ratifications to give the provisions of the charter the full force and effect of law. But, the people deeming therein was the expression of their just rights, the great charter prevailed, and was the precursor of the American Declaration of Independence, which marked the second great epoch in the history of English-speaking people. As the Great Charter was the dawn, so the Declaration was the full noon of Liberty's day.

From Runnymede to Philadelphia was *five and a half centuries*,—centuries full of toil and trouble and battle for the right. Every privilege which we enjoy has been obtained by strife. The strife and battle are not equally distributed. One generation battles through all its life for a principle: the next enjoys the fruits of the battles in peace, and too often undervalues the sacrifices of its predecessors. So during those centuries in England there were alternate periods of battle and peace to preserve and maintain the Great Charter, and to acquire the still further right of the people to assemble in parliament and make their own laws. One of the advantages which accrued from the Norman conquest was the insistence of the right of local self-government, which the Normans brought from home, and to which they clung with great tenacity. That custom was, after the last mass on Sunday, and the congregation were dismissed from religious service, to assemble on the common or green in front of the church, and discuss the questions of new roads, local rates, and taxes, and all matters appertaining to the material welfare of the people of the parish. Here we find the first trace of that democratic institution which spread through many parts of England, and which the colonists brought over with them to

Massachusetts, and which was the origin of, and is known in our day as, the New England town-meeting. The Massachusetts Bay colonists modified the Norman town-meeting to this extent: they attempted to establish a kind of theocracy,—a government of Church and State. In the Plymouth colony, as a condition of receiving the franchise, the candidate must have been of "sober and peaceable conversation, orthodox in the fundamentals of religion." The government was a strange admixture of the Old and the New Testament and a combination of the Hebrew and the English common law. But the later colonists brought with them substantially the government by town-meeting,—the germ of our whole system of democratic government.

The events which led up to the American Revolution and the Declaration of Independence have been so often repeated by the great orators of the Republic,—and great they were; our poets have sung of them in majestic verse; our writers have lovingly given us all the details and the inner lives of the principal actors in that great dramatic epoch of our history: so, on each recurring Fourth day of July, the story has for us a new interest, a fresh charm. We see, as it were, before us, in imagination, the New England colonists landing at Plymouth

and Massachusetts Bay; the men from the north of Ireland peopling New Hampshire; the Quakers at Pennsylvania; Lord Baltimore and his English and Irish Catholic colony at Maryland; the Cavaliers in Virginia and the Carolinas, and Oglethorpe at Georgia,—all brave, sturdy men, planting colonies that continued to grow and flourish despite the indifference and neglect of the English government. "Owing her nothing, but through a wise and salutary neglect, generous nature was suffered to take her own way to perfection." We see on the north and west the efforts of France to establish a new empire along the St. Lawrence and the great lakes; Champlain and Montmorenci, with intrepid courage and daring, by exploration and occupation, extending the boundaries of New France; La Salle and Joliet discovering the Mississippi River from the north; and the final efforts of all the French commanders to push eastward the boundaries, until the clash of arms came which ended at Quebec in the death of Wolfe and Montcalm, and forever ended the dream of the empire of New France on the North American continent.

With the peace of Paris the flag of England floated over a vast and princely domain, extending from the frozen north to the Gulf of Mexico, from the Atlantic on the east to the

Mississippi River on the west; yet the Te Deum had been scarcely finished at St. Paul's, the pealing of the bells or the echoes from the salvos of artillery at London ceased, in honor of the ratification of that treaty, when the king and his ministry began to dismember the empire which had cost them so much of blood and treasure to acquire.

In 1763 George III. and his ministers talked of America as the brightest jewel in the British crown. But the Hanoverian King of England still believed with Louis XIV., "I am the State"; and, without examination of the colonial charters, he demanded that Parliament should tax the colonists for the expenses of the late war. But the king had yet much to learn of the temper and character of his American subjects. The days of King John and the divine rights of kings had long since vanished. Rumors of the attempted imposition of taxes by the British Parliament had crossed the seas, and early in 1764, at the May town-meeting in Faneuil Hall, before it was known that the Stamp Act had passed, Samuel Adams read these instructions from Boston to her representatives: "There is no room for delay if taxes are laid upon us in any shape without our having a legal representation where they are laid. Are we not reduced from the character

of free subjects to the miserable state of tributary slaves? We claim British rights, not by charter only; we are born to them. Use your endeavors that the weight of the other North American colonies may be added to this province, that by united application all may obtain redress." We know how futile were the efforts of the provinces to obtain redress. It did seem upon the repeal of the Stamp Act that the British ministry had a lucid interval, and was preparing to adopt a statesman-like policy. It was a brief interval, indeed, and the breach gradually widened. The British House of Commons refused with scorn even so much as to receive petitions from the colonies of Connecticut, Rhode Island, Virginia, and Carolina, remonstrating against the passage of unjust tax laws. Such being the temper of the British Parliament, the colonists had no alternative but resistance.

In 1765 the delegates from nine colonies met at New York. From South Carolina came the message: "There ought to be no New England man, no New Yorker known on the continent, but all of us Americans." The people did not feel that they were rebelling against authorities or law: they believed that the Crown, the Ministry, and the Parliament were violating their ancient charters. They were not refusing

to pay a just proportion of a war debt: they wanted to assess that debt upon their own people, according to the local laws and usages of the colonies, or to have representation in the general Parliament. The colonists had few friends in England: there were Chatham and Fox, Colonel Barre and Burke,—a brave minority in Parliament,—who seemed to comprehend the gravity of the situation and the magnitude of the task the king and his ministers had undertaken. In vain did Mr. Burke plead for reconciliation with America. Addressing the House of Commons, he said: "The use of force alone is but temporary; it may subdue for a moment, but it does not remove the necessity of subduing again, and a nation is not governed which is perpetually to be conquered." Mr. Burke subsequently moved the resolution that the colonies ought to have representation in the High Court of Parliament, and, finding all his efforts voted down, concluded: "I have this comfort, that in every stage of the American affairs I have steadily opposed the measures that have produced the confusion, and may bring on the destruction, of this empire. I have gone so far as to risk a proposal of my own. If I cannot give peace to my country, I give it to my conscience."

The wisest statesman and philosopher of his

time, whose fame has outlived that of all his contemporaries, foresaw that war was inevitable if the king and ministry persisted. George III. was honestly consistent in two things: he cordially hated the North American colonists and the Catholics. Appended to Lord Brougham's "Biographical Sketches of Lord North" are some autograph notes of the king, which give us an insight to his character. "The times certainly require," writes the king, "the concurrence of all who wish to prevent anarchy. I have no wish but the prosperity of my own dominion; therefore I must look upon all who would not heartily assist me as bad men, as well as bad subjects." He reasons: "I wish nothing but good, therefore every man who does not agree with me is a traitor and a scoundrel." And in this category he placed all his North American colonists, as well as the great author of "Reflections on the Revolution in France." We can see at this distance of time and in the present light that reconciliation was impossible. George III. considered himself anointed by a divine commission, therefore his rebellious subjects were to be flogged into submission; and that he had the support of his country is shown by the address in favor of coercing the colonies, which was carried in Parliament by a vote of 304 to 105 in the

Commons and by 104 to 29 in the House of Lords. We had as few friends in 1775 in Parliament as we had in the dark days of 1862, when a long list of fifty-one dukes, noble lords, marquises, and members of Parliament subscribed millions of dollars for the bonds of the Southern Confederacy,—that the American idea of government founded upon manhood suffrage might be destroyed. The vote of Parliament meant war, and, as Patrick Henry predicted, "The next breeze from the North brought to Virginia the clash of resounding arms." The Continental Congress was called together at Philadelphia. They assembled not in pomp and power, as did the barons at Runnymede, yet were no less determined. Two engagements had been fought during the sitting. The armies were in the field, and many yet hoped for reconciliation. The debates in Congress were upon matters of serious import to the colonies. No wiser, more patriotic, or braver men were ever gathered together than the men of the Continental Congress. To test the sense of that Congress, on the 7th day of June, 1776, Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, arose in his place, and offered this resolution: "*Resolved*, That these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the

British Crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved, and that a plan of confederation be prepared and transmitted to the respective colonies for their consideration and approbation." In that resolution was epitomized the Declaration of Independence: it was adopted on the 11th of June, and two committees appointed,—one on the Declaration of Independence, the other to prepare Articles of Union.

At the head of the Committee on Declaration was Thomas Jefferson, of Virginia, then in his thirty-third year and the author of the great declaration of the rights of man. On the 28th day of June was achieved the great naval victory over Sir Peter Parker, at Charleston, and on the same day the Committee on the Declaration of Independence presented its report. As the delegates from Pennsylvania and New York had not received their powers or instructions to vote for it, action was delayed until the 4th day of July. The vote was by colonies, each colony casting a single vote. It was a long and anxious day, and late in the evening John Hancock, president of the Continental Congress, announced that the declaration had been carried, and the Fourth of July became forever memorable and glorious in our annals. The

New York delegation were not authorized to vote for independence until the 9th of July, and did not sign until August 2. The Pennsylvania vote was by a minority of the whole delegation. The doctrine "that all men are created equal, and have certain inalienable rights," had about it a touch of sublimity. The doctrine "that government rests upon the consent of the governed" startled all Europe. "Audacious, foolhardy men," exclaim the statesmen and philosophers of Europe, "to imagine that a government can be successful where all the people have a voice! Such a doctrine we might expect from the lips of Thomas Jefferson, youthful and inexperienced, and tinctured with all the heresies of France, where he so recently sojourned; and that radical, Sam Adams, we are not surprised at finding him among the signers of the declaration. But what folly and madness have seized the conservative men of the colonies, that they dare trust their lives and property under such a form of government?" At a later period Macaulay prophesied "that soon the poor in the United States, worse than another inroad of Goths and Vandals, would begin a general plunder of the rich." Scholars and pessimists have flouted universal suffrage, and condemned our great charter of the Fourth of July. Carlyle blasphemously said, "De-

mocracy will prevail when men believe the vote of Judas as good as that of his Master." Yet, notwithstanding all these sneers and prophecies, this government has lived one century, and has entered into the second with more strength and vigor than any nation on the globe. Its public credit stands unchallenged; it has increased in wealth and population to a marvellous degree.

During the first century of its existence it has witnessed the revolution of 1789 in France, the destruction of the Bastile, the Consulate, the first empire, the Bourbon restoration, and the revolution of 1830, Louis Philippe, and again the rising of "'48," the *Coup D'état*, the second empire and its fall, the Commune and the present so-called Republic in France, the Carbonari in Italy, and the revolutions in Germany. And, if England has escaped the war and misery of her Continental neighbors, it is for the reason that her statesmen, profiting by American experience and noting the progress of events on this side of the Atlantic, have made immense concession to the popular will. Catholic emancipation, the repeal of the corn-laws, the reform act, the disestablishment of the Irish Church, the doubling of the franchise, and the more recent bill, by which more than 2,000,000 new voters have been added to the lists,—measures, all of them which were, when origi-

nally proposed, denounced as revolutionary,—have been adopted, and are now part of the constitution of the British empire, all of the so-called strong governments in each decade during the last half-century having been advancing towards the doctrine of the American Declaration of Independence, that "all government rests upon the consent of the governed." When the fathers of this Republic founded the government upon the right of the people as opposed to the doctrine of the divine right of kings, they were not mere theorists and rash experimenters: there must have been men in the Continental Congress who had thought seriously and soundly upon this question,—men not unfamiliar with the teachings of the early philosophers and doctors; for Saint Thomas Aquinas, the great doctor, says "that the ruler has not power of making law, except inasmuch as he bears the person of the multitude." And Sir Thomas More, in spite of Henry VIII., maintained that the king held his crown by parliamentary title; and Suarez taught "that whenever civil power is found in one man, or legitimate prince, by ordinary right, it came from the people and community, either proximately or remotely; it cannot be otherwise possessed so as to be just." Bellarmine concludes, "Divine right gave the power to no

particular man; it therefore gave the power to the multitude." The men of the Continental Congress were not Socialists or Communists: they recognized fully the rights of individual property, and had faith that the people would respect and protect these rights. Having once fully adopted the principles of the Declaration, the States in their Constitutions recognized the right of the people to participate. Maryland, which was the first of the colonies to grant civil and religious liberty, was the first State to proclaim universal suffrage and to introduce the most democratic forms into her whole government. De Tocqueville says, "When a nation begins to modify the elective qualification it may easily be foreseen that, sooner or later, all qualification will be abolished." It is useless, then, to discuss problems concerning and difficulties affecting our form of government upon any other basis than that the people govern. It is fashionable and customary in our day, at social-science meetings, at the clubs, and at conventions, to decry universal suffrage. But it is an established fact, and the people are the masters. Mr. Disraeli truthfully said, in "Vivian Grey," "The people, sir, are not always right; the people, Mr. Grey, are not often wrong." The people carried us grandly through the Revolution, and on all great

questions affecting our institutions they have been instinctively right.

On the very question that finally threatened the destruction of the Union, the people in the colonies early anticipated danger. As in 1772, upon the petitions from all parts of the colony, the Legislature of Virginia memorialized the King of Great Britain upon the dangers of slavery, and expressed the desire that the slave-trade might be abolished. The king answered, that upon pain of his highest displeasure the importation of slaves should not be obstructed. Yet in the very same year the highest court of judicature in England decided the celebrated Somersett case, that no man could make a slave of another. While the British orators and statesmen indulged in copious rhetoric about the freedom of a single slave, and boasted that the moment his foot touched the shores of England he stood forth redeemed and disenthralled, the government continued to sanction the traffic that sent thousands into bondage and entailed untold misery upon posterity. As indicating the opinion of the people of the colonies at the time of the adoption of the Federal Constitution, it may be mentioned that there were abolition societies in Maryland, Virginia, New York, and Pennsylvania. James Madison, in the constitutional convention, strongly opposed

the proposition, coming from a Northern delegate, for the extension of the time for the abolition of the slave-trade. Luther Martin and William Pinkney, of Maryland, in the House of Delegates, and Mr. Iredell, of North Carolina, were all in favor of the early removal of what they considered a great danger threatening the Republic. The latter said, in the State convention of North Carolina, "When the entire abolition of slavery takes place it will be an event which must be pleasing to every generous mind and to every friend of human nature."

The framers of the Declaration of Independence, keenly alive to the popular sentiment, intended the abolition of the slave-trade in that omitted clause, which Mr. Jefferson said "was struck out in complaisance to South Carolina and Georgia, and not without tenderness, too, to some of our northern brethren, who, though they had few slaves themselves, were very considerable carriers of them to others." The framers of our constitutional government, despairing of uniting the colonies under the Federal Union, and realizing, in the language of Burke, that "all government, indeed every human benefit and enjoyment, every virtue and every prudent act, is founded on compromise and barter," were forced to accept some compro-

mises, and recognized the existence of slavery, though every Southern man in the Continental Congress voted for the Ordinance of 1787, which made all the territory north and west of the Ohio River free territory forever.

Montesquieu wrote, "If a republic is small it is destroyed by a foreign power; if it is large it is destroyed by internal disorder." But he wrote in 1747, before the railway and the telegraph had annihilated time and space. Our history and growth have thus far disproved the truth of this assertion, yet we had that within our body politic which almost destroyed the Republic.

The debates in Congress of 1820, and the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, gave us more than a generation of fierce and bitter agitation on the slavery question. On the one side were urged the arguments for the Constitution, the law, and logic; on the other side were humanity and the people. The latter prevailed, as they have in every great struggle.

> "Ever the truth comes uppermost
> And ever is justice done."

To accomplish that justice, this government was shaken to its foundations; and yet, when the war came upon us, where did we find the courageous men, the brave and willing hearts,

ready to die in defence of country? In the ranks of the common people. As Wendell Phillips scathingly remarked, through all the crisis "there was nothing so cowardly in the Northern States as a million dollars, except two millions." Do not misunderstand me as implying that the men of wealth did not respond nobly and generously during the war to the call of the government; yet truth compels us to admit that in the beginning they had less faith in the government than was displayed by the masses of the people. This government that, according to the predictions of the philosophers and statesmen of Europe, was to crumble and disappear at the first sign of internal disorder, through four years of terrible civil war proved itself surprisingly strong. Of the 23,000,000 of population in the Northern States, one in eight, or 3,000,000, took up arms in defence of the government and the Union. In the last year of the war they cheerfully acquiesced in the expenditure of $1,000,000,000, and as cheerfully submitted to the increased burden of taxation consequent upon this debt. And when at length, after the long, dark night came the dawn, and the commander of the Union armies had received the surrender of the last army in the field against the government, in the hour of national rejoicing the assassin's

arm struck down the people's ruler, then came the supreme test of this government of the people. Under any of the so-called strong governments of Europe, had such a catastrophe happened, the victorious general of the army would have been proclaimed dictator and have founded a line of kings; but in this Republic the doctrine of the Declaration of Independence was not forgotten,—"That all government rests upon the consent of the governed,"—and the duly elected Vice-President of the United States took the oath of office and became President, as prescribed by the Constitution and laws.

Another inspiring example, that strengthens our faith in the people, was given in 1876, when both parties claimed to have elected the President: one, because they had possession of the government, and desired to retain it; the other, for the reason that they had a majority of the votes, and had elected their candidate. Was it the presence of the commander-in-chief of the army, or the concentration of troops at Washington that brought a peaceful solution of the question? No! It was the assemblage of the people, regardless of party ties, in mass meetings in all the large cities and towns of the country, that by the power of public opinion compelled Congress to vote for the bill creating the electoral commission. The people, by

their voice and action, demonstrated that love of country was more potent than love of party. Let us not speak doubtingly nor disparagingly of the people's judgment when we reflect upon the action of the fifteen eminent judicial minds that formed the commission. Thus far, through the blessings of Divine Providence and trust in the people, we have maintained our government and kept the Union whole. We are not unmindful of the dangers that beset our course. We realize "that early and provident fear is the mother of safety." I do not believe that danger lies in the direction which so many predict. We must take counsel of our experience, and not our prejudice.

Mr. Curtis, the editor of *Harper's Weekly*, in speaking of the dangers threatening the Republic, said, in his oration at Concord in 1875, "Massachusetts has a large population, with no hereditary traditions connecting them with the soil." If he meant to imply that a very large portion of the population of Massachusetts do not trace their descent from Puritan ancestry, that is true. But, if he apprehends danger from that source, can he have read the history of his country aright? Can he believe that we, who have walked the streets of Boston for nearly forty years, do not love our native city? —we, who remember that in these same streets

walked Sir Harry Vane, the broadest and most Catholic man of his time; we, who were familiar with the history of Faneuil Hall before we knew our alphabet, and knew the story of the Old South and the tea in Boston Harbor ere we had conquered the multiplication table, whose infant feet had time and again passed the old North Church, and looked up searchingly at the old tower for Paul Revere's lanterns, and ascended Copp's Hill to look upon Charlestown, and, before we were out of jackets, stood on Bunker Hill under the shadow of the tall gray shaft, and with uncovered head and reverent mien looked upon the spot where Warren fell; we, who have walked these streets with prouder tread because of Sam Adams and James Otis, the elder Quincy and sturdy John Adams; we, who have had glimpses of the stalwart form of Webster, the defender and expounder of the Constitution, who have listened to the polished tones of Everett, the matchless eloquence of Choate, and heard Sumner thunder forth his fierce denunciations of the slave power, and again, during the native American excitement of the "Fifties," in the face of popular clamor defending the rights of all citizens under the law; we, who heard in front of the Old South Church, in the early days of the Rebellion, the great tribune of the people,

Wendell Phillips, "the noblest Roman of them all," appealing to all citizens to stand by the government in the hour of peril. Have we been insensible to all these events or unmindful of what these men taught? No, thank God! We know no other country. Our love for Boston and Massachusetts and the Union is as strong and lasting as any who claim descent from Puritan ancestry. Had the orator so soon forgotten the story of Massachusetts in the War of the Rebellion? The gallant soldier now on the Supreme Bench, whose Puritan lineage cannot be questioned, who marched and fought on a score of battlefields with these men, might have quieted his fears. He would, aside from his personal experience, have pointed to the monuments and tablets in memorial halls of the several towns and cities in the Commonwealth, on which are inscribed the names of the heroic dead who fell in the great war for the preservation of the Union, and have shown him that these men had bequeathed a rich legacy of patriotism to posterity, and had left traditions to their children and children's children with which history will indissolubly bind them to the soil forever.

A short time since I was in yonder historic town of Lexington, inhabited principally by agriculturists. I read upon a monument the

names of those soldiers of Lexington who gave their lives to their country in the War of the Rebellion. They were twenty in number, and among them one may read the names of John O'Neil, Dennis McMahon, and Timothy Leary, —names certainly that did not occur in the "Mayflower's" list of passengers,—and so in more than two hundred towns in the State may be found such records. The rolls at the Adjutant-General's office and the navy list afford abundant evidence that they have so identified themselves with the history of Massachusetts and the Union that they have not only traditions, but a record which will endure to the end of time.

There are some of us who still remember the first preparations for the great Civil War. Men were not inquiring about family traditions then. Are you for the Union? Are you willing, if necessary, to give your life to the cause? We remember one stalwart regiment that went to the field with no hereditary traditions, and one can read to-day on the monument at Gettysburg erected to their memory these words:—

The Ninth Regiment of Massachusetts volunteers served during three years' campaigns in Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania, and was in forty-two engagements, including the following, viz.: Peninsular campaign, Hanover Court-House, Seven days' battles,

Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Mine Run, Wilderness campaign.

What a host of patriotic memories are recalled by these names, even to us, the cool lookers-on of a later generation! To them who participated in all their dire disaster, as well as flush of victory, think you they hold no traditions that bind them to this country of their adoption? What more eloquent eulogium can be paid to this regiment than the concluding line of the inscription on the monument!—

Whole number of casualties, 863.

I remember at Chancellorsville in the Twenty-eighth Massachusetts Regiment every commissioned officer was killed or disabled; and yet it returned again and again to the onset, under command of its sergeant-major. I recall that 13th day of December, 1862, in front of Fredericksburg, when French's Division was almost annihilated. Of Meagher's Brigade of 1,200 stalwart men, only 200 were mustered at roll-call at the close of the battle. One thousand of their companions in arms were left dead or wounded on the field. We call to mind one incident in that day's fight particularly honorable and glorious to Massachusetts. The Twenty-first Regiment of volunteers had

marched out in line of battle. One after another of its gallant standard-bearers had been shot down until stepped forth Sergeant Thomas Plunkett. In the fierce storm of shot and shell both arms are shattered, but, clasping the flag in the reeking stumps, blinded by agony, his warm blood saturated the flag he saved with honor. He walked our streets until a few months ago, when he joined so many of his comrades who had gone before. The city of Worcester mourned him as one of her illustrious dead, and honored him as one of the bravest of the brave; and yet we are told men such as he cannot hope to leave traditions which may bind them or theirs to the soil. Time will tell some few years hence, when we, answering a younger generation, asking the history of his monument, tell them we knew him in life, had spoken with him; that we had seen him bearing so bravely and patiently those scars and mutilations that an emperor might have envied. And if the youth should have exclaimed, "Oh that I could have seen the heroic original!" and with interested and upturned gaze should ask who was the original of that statue, we might answer, "A poor immigrant boy; one who had no hereditary traditions that bound him to the soil." Yet, so long as will spring in human hearts a responsive throb at the

rehearsal of brave deeds, his fame will be secure in Massachusetts.

Men who have made great sacrifices to maintain a government will not willingly permit its destruction. The danger to our government does not lie in that direction. We are in more danger from the indifference and, to speak plainly, paradoxical as it may appear, from the ignorance of the so-called wealthy and cultured classes than from the common people. My experience has taught me that, as a rule, the masses vote more understandingly than those who, by the accident of birth or fortune, assume to be their betters. Watch men listen to the discussions at clubs when men of wealth or culture and respectability meet,—men who are supposed to represent what is best in our American life. What are the topics of conversation? You may learn who has the oldest Madeira in his cellar; the vintage of claret on the dinner-table; the best method of cooking a duck; the names of some of the painters and sculptors; maybe some superficial observations on art; the newest gossip about the opera-singers; who wrote the latest novel or was the winner of the Derby. The saving remnant may speculate on the doctrines of evolution and discuss the unknowable cause. But let an earnest man, whose necessities compel him to spend his

days in manual labor, yet desires to keep abreast of the times, inquire from one of these gentlemen: What is this bill that has passed the Legislature in relation to the limitation of taxation in cities? What are the main provisions of the new city charter; how does it affect citizens generally? I heard something in relation to a bill regulating naturalization: can you give me any information as to the changes made in the present laws? Who has charge of spending the ten millions annually assessed upon the citizens of Boston? What steps must I take to exercise the franchise?

Gentlemen of the clubs, how many of you could give intelligent answers to these questions?

Do you suppose that any form of government can exist if the brains and capital neglect their most important duties? If there has been a low tone in the public service, if there have been incompetency and corruption in public life, have you not, by your indifference and silence, stood by and consented? Go into the workshops of the mechanics; attend the meetings of the labor unions, the temperance, charitable, and benefit associations; listen, and you will hear the keenest discussions of men and measures;—the effect of the tariff upon labor and necessaries of life, this leader's ability, that leader's honesty, the

effect of this legislative enactment upon local rights, the policy of the new ministry in England, its possible effect upon our federal relations,—all questions of public interest. Every man feels that he is a citizen, and has an interest in the government. If, now and then, demagogues mislead them, it is but for the moment, and you will find that the demagogues took advantage of some real grievance which your ignorance or indifference failed to notice and remedy.

To quote Jeremy Taylor: "I cannot but think as Aristotle (Lib. 6) did of Thales and Anaxagoras, that they may be learned but not wise, or wise but not prudent, when they are ignorant of such things as are profitable to them. For suppose men know the wonders of nature, and the subtleties of metaphysics, and operations mathematical, yet they cannot be prudent who spend themselves wholly on unprofitable and ineffective contemplation."—"Suppose the men of character and influence perform their duty," you may reply, "are there not other changes that threaten this Republic?" Yes! "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." The great French writer, whom I have before quoted, wrote in 1830: "I am of the opinion that the manufacturing aristocracy which is growing up under our eyes is one of the harshest

that ever existed in the world; but, at the same time, it is one of the most confined and least dangerous. Nevertheless the friends of democracy should keep their eyes anxiously fixed in this direction, for, if ever a permanent inequality of conditions and aristocracy again penetrate into the world, it may be predicted that this is the gate by which they will enter."

We know in Massachusetts and New England that much of our discontent has come with our increase in manufactures. While the people are benefited by large manufactories and division of labor, making many articles much cheaper, the individual laborer has been correspondingly degraded. When manufacturing enterprises were under the control of individuals, there existed a personal interest and an individual sympathy between the employer and the employee. But, since the increase in corporations, the man feels that he is looked upon as a piece of machinery, of no use except to earn dividends for those who live in distant towns or cities, with no sympathy for him, or interest in the local affairs of his town, except to have their manufacturing property bear as small a portion of the town tax as possible. Watch carefully, then, the attitude of representatives in the Legislature, and be not unmindful the corporations are by their very organizations

grasping and controlling. A still greater danger than the manufacturing corporations is the great power concentrated in the hands of a few men, under the name of railroad corporations.

The founders of this Republic wisely abolished the law of primogeniture. Could they have foreseen the coming and the growth of these great corporations, and their power to control the land by fixing the prices of the products of the soil, they would have guarded us in that direction. We are not too late, however, to provide, by appropriate legislation in our several States, that, while every man shall be entitled to the products of his labor and his accumulated earnings during his life, the public safety, however, and the greater good of the greatest number demand that he shall not select *one* single individual in his family and bequeath to him his whole fortune, if in personal property. If the laws limiting the descent and acquisition of real property have been wise and beneficial,—and who doubts that they have been?—then the time has come when there is much greater need for controlling the insane ambition of men to make their heirs great and powerful by placing in the hands of a single person an enormous fortune, which engenders discontent and inevitably tends to corruption and threatens the safety of our institutions. We

cannot too jealously guard these institutions and the principles of our government.

The chief provisions of our Constitution are: absolute freedom of religion; the right of the citizen to keep and bear arms; compensation for private property taken for public uses; trial by jury according to common law; and that all powers not delegated to the United States nor prohibited by the Constitution to the States are reserved to the States respectively or to the people. One of the rights reserved to the people was the right to manage their local affairs and to be secure in their chartered rights. This principle was insisted upon as early as the time of King John, and was the eighth article of the famous Magna Charta; it was always held sacred in Massachusetts until the Legislature of 1885 struck a blow at the principle which underlies our whole system of government. When Boston cannot govern herself, we may well despair of the Republic. We all know that an overwhelming majority of the people of Boston are intelligent, industrious, law-abiding citizens, capable of managing their own local affairs; and, when they want legislation, they have still the right to assemble in mass meeting, and, if they have a grievance demanding legislative redress, they will make that grievance known.

Law has not an atom of strength only so far as public opinion indorses it. Do the men who propose to change the heads of our civil army suppose that that small force of eight hundred men is the power which keeps this city safe? Absurd dreamers! Your life, goods, and good name rest on the law-abiding mood and self-respect of the people who walk the streets of Boston, and not upon the paltry force of eight hundred men. We have had narrow-minded legislation in Massachusetts in the past, but the sober second thought of the people caused its repeal; and I have no doubt that ere many years the men engaged in the attempt to strike down local self-government in Boston will be as thoroughly ashamed of their action as men are to acknowledge to-day that they were members of the *Know-nothing* Legislature of 1854 and 1855.

The great danger to our Republic, and perhaps the greatest danger which many see, is the concentration of population in the great cities of the Union.

At the close of the war of the Revolution not more than three per cent. of our population lived in the cities. To-day twenty per cent. of our people are in the cities. The problem is to govern them wisely.

The pessimists see nothing but the inevitable

destruction of our government from the masses in our cities.

Many men, with more property than judgment, want the poorer citizens disfranchised and the suffrage limited. This can never be done. If it could, it would not remedy the evil. Revolutions do not move backwards. The State of Rhode Island has a property qualification for voters, yet it is notorious that in her elections she is one of the most corrupt States in the Union. Governors and senators have shamelessly bought their elections. No, fellow-citizens, there must be no disfranchisement. Trust the people. Corruption has not vitiated the masses. It has poisoned our legislative bodies to some extent: we must begin our reforms there.

Carefully examine all assessments of taxes; critically scrutinize all expenditures of the public moneys, and rigidly investigate all charges of malfeasance in public office; visit all persons found guilty of dishonesty with the severest penalties, and render them forever incapable of holding positions of public trust; and let the quality of our condemnation be not strained, but be visited "upon him that gives as well as him that takes." Hold to this course steadfastly, and you will strike at the root of the evil in the government of our great cities.

The people are rightly inclined, and mean to vote for honest and competent men. The tendency in our cities for twenty years, on the part of our men of culture and wealth, has been to place themselves beyond the people. Our public men and writers on public matters are continually firing over their heads, and addressing some constituency which has no existence except in their own imaginations.

The people in cities are, like the people everywhere, human, and very human; and, to use Mr. Lincoln's words, if we hope to govern them wisely, "we must keep near to the common people." Power being in the people, that they may use it discreetly, our first duty is to provide proper education. A distinguished historian has said: "We have two educations,—one from teachers, the other we give ourselves." The last is the principal education of the masses. They acquire it by contact with the world, take much of it in, as it were, through the pores. Is it not important, then, that men claiming to be educated should be able to impart to the people information upon subjects vitally affecting their well-being, as well as the interests of the whole community? The younger generation should be especially educated in American history.

Frederick the Great said to his son's tutor,

"Not too much of the classics, but thoroughly educate in the history of European nations for the last one hundred years."

Yet book learning is not everything. Ask the judges of our courts, who in their turn hold the criminal terms, Who are the criminals,—the immigrants of the first generation, possessed of little book learning?—and they will answer: No, the generation born upon the soil, having had the advantages, to a certain extent, of our public schools. It is not my province to criticise: I call attention to results. But can any thinking man hope to maintain a government dependent upon the votes of the people, if, in the system of education, the youth receives no moral training? I believe, with Thomas à Kempis, "It is better to feel compunction than know the definition thereof."

Fellow-citizens, I have endeavored to call attention to the remarkable growth of our country, to the strength and weakness of our form of government. I think the candid critic will admit, after a careful survey of the history of the last century, that this government of the people has many advantages for our country over that of any other form in the world. We are now, in Massachusetts, 2,000,000 of people. During the last forty years a great change has taken place in the character of our population.

In 1840 only 34,318 of the population were of foreign birth. In 1880 there were 443,402 persons of foreign birth, and, reckoning those of the first and second generations born upon the soil, I am sure that I do not exaggerate, when I state that half the population of this State to-day does not trace its origin to Puritan ancestry, but are of a later emigration. One of our first duties is to assimilate our population. We live under a government where majorities rule. This fact we must recognize. If any cherish the delusion that any class or body have an hereditary right to govern, that delusion must be abandoned. Demagogues and self-seekers must be ruthlessly crushed. No man has a right to claim recognition or public office for what he has achieved in some other land, before he became an American citizen. Merit, fitness, and fidelity to the Republic should be the test, and we cannot too severely condemn those who oppose men eminently qualified because of their race or religion.

True statesmanship seeks the unity of the people of the Commonwealth. We ought not to feel discouraged if in our legislative bodies some men have been corrupted by the use of money, and have proved false to their oaths and to their trust. We do not forget that Louis XIV. had the courtiers of King James under

his pay; that Lord Bacon disgraced his high office by accepting a bribe; that the noble government of England has not hesitated in any emergency to buy governors, parliaments, and provincial assemblies at wholesale. Despair not: there is in our country a strong undercurrent of virtue, and a growing public sentiment, that inspires us with faith that the people are being aroused to that proper public spirit which will insure the perpetuity of our institutions. And now, fellow-citizens, on this day of days, let us not depart from this place without a grateful appreciation of what we owe to Almighty God for the blessings and benefits bestowed upon us; and, when we reflect that throughout this great country fifty-five millions of people are rejoicing with us for the peace, prosperity, and happiness which they enjoy, there should come to us a solemn reminder of the duties which have devolved upon us as citizens of the Republic. "I have an ambition," says Lord Chatham: "it is the ambition of delivering to my posterity those rights of freedom which I have inherited from my ancestors." Such an ambition should be ours. We can never pay the debt we owe to the generations that have preceded us, but the generations to come will hold us responsible for the sacred trust delegated to our keeping. If we desire

to honor the memory of those men who in the first epoch won the great charter, and made possible the next great epoch of the Declaration of Independence, let us cherish self-government, remembering that self-government politically depends upon self-government personally. Let us recall to-day, with grateful hearts, the memories of the soldiers and statesmen of the Revolution, who perilled so much for the idea which this day commemorates; nor should we be unmindful of the country of Lafayette, De Grasse, and Rochambeau, that came so generously to our assistance and made our victory certain.

And, while to-day we cherish the memory of the men of the Revolution, we will not forget those heroes of the second war for the Union. We rejoice that human bondage no longer exists in all our territory; and, now that the Civil War is long over, we forget all that is gloomy and terrible in our history, for we are assured that, in the sympathy that we feel for the commander of the Union armies in his great affliction, the sorrow is as genuine on the southern as on the northern side of the Potomac, and we realize once more that we are Americans all. So long as we cherish and honor the names of Washington, Adams, Jefferson, and Lincoln, and the principles which their lives exemplified, the

American Union is secure, and there will arise from the hearthstones of a grateful, happy people, on each succeeding Fourth day of July, at the rising of the sun and the going down thereof, an earnest, heart-felt prayer of thanksgiving and praise, and far above the sounds of other rejoicings, the ringing of bells and the booming of cannon, will be heard the fervent exclamations: *God preserve to us the heritage of the fathers! God save the American Union!*

EULOGY

DELIVERED AT THE MEMORIAL SERVICES HELD IN HONOR OF THE LATE WILLIAM GASTON, EX-GOVERNOR OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS, AT THE DUDLEY STREET OPERA HOUSE, JUNE 13, 1894.

At the opening of this year we said the last prayer and sang the last requiem over all that was mortal of our honored and illustrious citizen, William Gaston.

After hearing, as you have, the story of his life, told so tenderly and so eloquently by all that have spoken of him, how can I hope to add anything to what has been said so well? and, as I appear here to-day to answer your summons, I feel abashed as I stand before you, for I know that only your sympathy and love for the lamented dead give you patience to listen to my repetition of the story of his life. I could wish that some elder brother of the bar had been chosen to speak of Mr. Gaston as he knew him through his life of more than threescore years and ten, or that I possessed that indefinable secret power which we call eloquence that magnetizes men's minds and touches

men's hearts as did the lyre of Orpheus of old. The custom of honoring men who have distinguished themselves in life by solemn observance is natural, wise, and just. Yet these tributes which we offer to departed worth are not for the dead, but for the living. We can add nothing to the peace and joy of the good man who has finished his course on earth and passed into a blessed immortality. Yet expressions and memorials elevate those from whom they emanate; they cause us to pause in our struggle for wealth and honors, and lift us to a higher world of thought. If all the surroundings here, the religious exercises, the solemn strains of the music, the communion of thought between those who knew the nobleness of our friend's life, shall plant the seed of a deep emotion that will fructify and ripen into noble actions, then we may congratulate ourselves upon a well-spent day.

It is peculiarly fitting that these exercises should be held in the Roxbury District of Boston; and I am not unmindful of the difficulties of my task when I attempt to speak to you, his earliest neighbors and his latest friends,—you who knew him in his young life, you who saw his humble beginning and who followed him with tenderness, affection, and pride to its very close, sympathizing with his

every effort, sharing with him his sorrows and disappointments, and rejoicing when success and honors crowned his career. Carlyle tells us that the life of the humblest individual is interesting and instructive. How much more so the life of one who has achieved fame and honor! We are interested in every inquiry that concerns his personality. How interesting is that brief letter of Cicero in which he described how Cæsar dined with him, how "he ate and drank without reserve, sumptuously indeed and with due preparation"; and not only that, "but with good conversation, well digested and seasoned, and if you ask cheerfully"; how the guest was not one to whom you would say, "Pray come to me in the same manner when you return," that "once was enough"; how "there was nothing of importance in their conversation, but a great deal of liberal learning"; how "in short he was highly pleased and enjoyed himself." How much there is revealed to us in this letter of the greatest orator and the most renowned general of the ancient Romans! So we desire to know something more of those who become distinguished than the mere fact that they existed. We want to know something of their inner personality, to know if they shared with us the joys and sorrows of our common humanity. We want to

learn something of their origin and ancestry, to see what traits, if any, they have inherited and preserved.

The Gaston family may be traced to France, where Jean Gaston was born about the year 1600. He was a Huguenot, and is said to have been banished from France on account of his religion. His property was confiscated, and we find him in Scotland, where he was supported by remittances from his brothers and family in France, who were stanch Catholics. As he was unmarried when he went to Scotland, he probably married a Scotch woman, as we find his sons John, William, and Alexander living in Scotland, from which they fled on account of religious persecution to the north of Ireland some time between the years 1622 and 1668. John Gaston, the grandson of the French Huguenot, had three sons born in Ireland, —William, born about 1680 at Caranleigh, Cloughwater, where he lived all his days, and died in the year 1770; the other two sons, Alexander and John, came to America. Thus we see one generation of the Gaston family was born in Ireland. John Gaston, the great-grandfather of Governor Gaston, came from Ireland to America and settled in New England, joining the Separatists' colony in Connecticut, and was a freeman of Voluntown at the or-

ganization of the town in 1736 and 1737. Tradition states that the Gastons originally landed at Marblehead, Massachusetts. Alexander Gaston, father of William Gaston, married Olive Dunlap, of Plainfield, and, as his second wife, Kezia Arnold, of Burrillville, Rhode Island. They lived at Killingly, Connecticut, where William Gaston, whose memory we meet to honor, was born, of the second marriage, October 3, 1820. It was an eventful year in the history of the United States. It was the year of the great contest and the first important debate after the adoption of the Federal Constitution, when Missouri applied for admission to the Union, and thus was begun that tumultuous agitation on the slavery question culminating forty-one years later in the greatest civil war of modern times,—a war which threatened the destruction of our government, lasting four years, resulting in the triumph of the Union armies and the emancipation of four millions of slaves.

In Mr. Gaston's ancestry were joined the characteristics of the French Huguenot, the Irish patriot of the north of Ireland, the "Mayflower" Pilgrims, and the followers of Roger Williams. We are not surprised, therefore, to find in William Gaston the characteristics of a strong man. The crest of the Gaston family,

as given by Fairbairn, is the owl, the bird of wisdom.

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William Gaston gave early promise, and displayed the qualities which so distinguished him in after-life. Those who knew him in boyhood speak of him as a studious lad, eager to acquire knowledge, yet active in the outdoor sports so enjoyed by boys of strong and vigorous constitutions. He attended the academy at Brooklyn, Connecticut, and fitted for college at Plainfield Academy, and at the age of fifteen entered Brown University. It may be that his mother, being a Rhode Island woman and a follower of Roger Williams, had her way, as most mothers do, in directing the course of her son's education. His classmates recall his modesty, his reserved manner and quiet dignity. A member of the Suffolk bar told me with much feeling of the kindness of the reception given him when he entered Brown as a Freshman. Mr. Gaston being then in the Junior Class, said he, was a most lovable boy, with a noble and manly nature. Always studious, from childhood he pursued his studies with earnestness and zest. Contact with his fellows stimulated his ambition and gave him confidence in his own ability to enter the battle

of life and contest for place and honor. Young Gaston maintained a high rank in college and graduated with honors in the class of 1840. . . . After his graduation the young student left the peaceful atmosphere of his Alma Mater, and sought the advantages which Boston then offered to a student of the law, first entering the office of Judge Francis Hillard, of Roxbury, and continuing and completing his studies under Benjamin R. Curtis, who was afterwards elevated to the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States, and who dissented from the opinion of the court in the famous Dred Scott decision. After four years of patient and diligent study young Gaston was admitted to the bar in 1844, and in this Roxbury District in 1846 he opened his office for the practice of his profession. There was something about him that attracted men to him. One of the members of the Norfolk County bar, a lifelong friend of his, told me of his first appearance in court,—somewhat shy; though always neat in apparel, indifferent to fashion; so thoroughly absorbed was he in his work that personal adornment gave him very little concern. In his first case he was pitted against one of the leaders of the bar, and many feared for the black-haired boy, as they termed him; but he had prepared himself so thoroughly and fought for his client with so

much earnestness that his success was assured, and he soon took his place as one of the leaders of the bar in Norfolk County. . . . As his reputation increased, he sought the wider field offered him at the Suffolk County bar, and very soon was in the front rank of the profession.

Mr. Gaston had the elements in him that command success at the bar,—tact, talent, magnetism, earnestness, integrity, and untiring industry. Of all positions in life, the lawyer, and especially the advocate, has the least opportunity to pass for more than his worth merits; he has constantly the search-light of criticism turned fully upon him, and opposing counsel is searching with microscopic eye for any flaw or defects in his pleadings or in his argument. The court will detect any sophistry or fallacy, and the jurors and spectators, with their sound common sense, generally form a correct estimate of a man's worth; and in their judgments I have a strong, abiding faith, notwithstanding the sneers and criticisms of those who, by the accident of birth or fortune, fill positions which they think entitle them to be called the better class. One who can stand such tests must be a man of extraordinary ability, and only unremitting toil and constant study will enable him to hold a prominent place. He must be alert,

prepared to meet every onset of his opponent, and to respond at a moment's notice; and often at the end of a long trial in which body and mind are subjected to the severest strain, without time for thought, when the last word of the evidence is spoken, begin his closing argument for his client. During his career at the bar Mr. Gaston was in many important cases, and met as antagonists all the leaders of the bar of his time. . . . His forte was in the trial of causes before juries, and there he was at his best. With an active and acute mind he was one of the best cross-examiners at the bar,—formidable when for the defence, and almost invincible when he was for the plaintiff and had the closing argument; always impressive and earnest, rising at times to a high pitch of eloquence. Mr. Gaston was very reluctant to enter upon the trial of a case. He hesitated and gave those who did not know him the impression that he was timid; yet when he began the trial of a cause, being in it, the opposing counsel might well beware, for he found in him an antagonist worthy of his steel, fertile in resources, full of enthusiasm, making his client's cause his own, and so thoroughly imbued that he firmly believed that there was only one side to the case, resenting any reflection upon his client as a personal matter. This

thorough belief in the honesty of his case and his great earnestness was one of his most marked characteristics, and one to which he was in no small measure indebted for his success.

I am aware that some critics have said he was not a great lawyer. So said the contemporaries of Erskine, and they said of Choate that he was a mere rhetorician. We do not claim that he was a book-worm, or that he was versed in what is called the red-letter literature of the law. I do claim that he was a sound thinker, that he had developed the keen practical instincts and sober appreciation of the realities of life that come to men by experience and contact with the world. We know that every man has his limitations, and I have thought that some of the men who criticised Mr. Gaston had so loaded their brains with precedents and other men's ideas as to leave them little, if any, power remaining for original thinking. That he was a lawyer of signal ability is proven by the records of the courts, where in his day he met every leading lawyer of his time and scored his full measure of victories. And I think it can be justly said of him there were few, very few, men his equal as an advocate in the Commonwealth during his years of active practice. The younger members of the bar had for him a genuine ad-

miration and a special regard. They not only admired him, but they loved him for his uniform courtesy and kindness to them. He was always approachable and ready to give his advice and offer his services to a younger brother at the bar, often asking and receiving no other fee or reward than the grateful appreciation of his debtor. All his brethren of the bar who knew him testify to his spotless integrity, the absolute purity of his life, to his great wisdom, his unremitting labor, and his abundant kindness and courtesy. He has been commended by his associates to the younger men of the bar who are coming to the front, for the absolute fidelity to duty which marked his career as a lawyer. But the fame of Mr. Gaston is not limited by his triumphs at the bar; his fellow-citizens, early recognizing his abilities, called him to many positions of public trust and honor. He was chosen city solicitor of Roxbury, filling that important office to the satisfaction of the citizens for a term of five years, when he was elected by the people of Roxbury to serve in the Massachusetts Legislature in 1853,—by the Whig party.

Mr. Gaston was never an office-seeker, yet he believed it to be his duty to respond to the call of his fellow-citizens, and this he did from the highest and purest motives, sacrificing his

private interests for the common weal. He was re-elected to the Legislature by his party in the year 1854, but in 1855 and 1856 came that outbreak of fanaticism promulgated by secret, oath-bound organizations, of which the present A. P. A. movement is a feeble imitation. Mr. Gaston during that trying time proved himself an American of Americans. The disturbers of the public peace and the enemies of the American Union, whether wearing the disguise of native Americans or masquerading as Know-nothings or A. P. A.'s, found in him at all times an outspoken, relentless, and determined opponent. The time-servers and the trimming politicians joined the new proscriptive party. Not so with Mr. Gaston: his voice rang out a clear bugle-note in defence of the rights of all citizens under the law, and he took a manly stand, proclaiming the constitutional rights of all men to absolute freedom of religion. The weak men, the driftwood, floated with the current: it required a strong man to breast the tide of bigotry and intolerance during that era of fanaticism. In the emergency Mr. Gaston proved true to the cardinal principles of our government, faithful, among the few leaders, to the great charter of American liberty. The citizens of Roxbury recognized the wisdom of the words of Burke,

—that, "when bad men combine, the good must associate, else they will fall one by one, an unpitied sacrifice in a contemptible struggle." And, to their lasting credit, a combination of conscientious men of the Whig and Democratic parties triumphantly re-elected Mr. Gaston to the Legislature in 1856, in opposition to the Know-nothing candidate. Adopted citizens and the sons of adopted citizens cannot too highly honor his memory for his noble and patriotic stand and his manly defence of their just rights and religious liberties during those gloomy times. It requires courage to advocate an unpopular cause, even though it be the cause of justice and of truth.

"Then to side with Truth is noble when we share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and 'tis prosperous to be just;
Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward stands aside,
Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is crucified."

He fought manfully in the Legislature against all the obnoxious measures proposed to abridge the rights of citizens of any class or creed, and received at the close of the session the warm approval of his constituents. Modestly retiring to his profession, his fellow-citizens of Rox-

bury called upon him during those eventful years of 1861 and 1862 to preside as chief magistrate of the city of Roxbury. Slavery, which had been threatening the peace and security of the nation since that great debate in 1820 over the admission of the State of Missouri to the Union, now threw down the gage of battle, and the whole country was startled from its fancied security by the firing upon Fort Sumter in April, 1861, by the men of South Carolina. In that hour men forgot all party lines, remembered only that the supremacy of the government was threatened. Mr. Gaston, true to his instincts and convictions, was enthusiastically patriotic. His voice and his influence were exerted; he was earnest and active in raising volunteers for the Union army.

In 1862, having been re-elected mayor, he addressed the City Council of Roxbury in these words, which glowed with patriotic fervor: "The year which is before us must be productive of events of great national importance, the consequences of which must visit us all. We have been aroused from the deep and tranquil slumbers of peace to the roar and tumult of arms. We are in the midst of a struggle involving national life, and also involving the hopes and destinies of more than thirty millions of people. On the issue of this struggle

depend the highest temporal interests of us all. Beyond a confiding faith in the ultimate success of our cause, we have nothing to guide us but uncertain speculations. A week, a day, an hour, of the future is impenetrable. Here human wisdom finds itself at fault, here no ray of light shines upon the darkness of human comprehension. It is therefore eminently proper for us, as a Christian people who have so long enjoyed the richest benefactions of God, bowing now submissively to his will, to invoke his blessings upon our efforts to sustain a government upon the continuance of which our temporal hopes so largely depend. The duties of every citizen are now a hundredfold greater than in times of peace. Patriotism can now find no excuse in lethargy or in inaction. A man, to be worth anything, must be awake, decided, and energetic. He who slumbers had better be dead. He who doubts had better be a traitor, for open treason is better than dead patriotism. The courage which rises with every obstacle is the courage which prevails. There may be days of darkness before us, but beyond those days of darkness must be days of light, and, seeing glimpses of the light which is beyond the clouds, let us labor, hope, and persevere." What a sublime faith was his! While he thus cherished this

profound faith in our government of the people, he never flattered the groundlings nor pandered to their passions.

He was absolutely fearless in the discharge of his public duties. Recognizing to the fullest extent the responsibility of his public trust and his duty to the people at home, Mr. Gaston felt he owed a duty to the citizen soldiers of Roxbury in the army, the flower of our youth who went forth in 1861 and 1862 to fight in the war for the preservation of the Union. He journeyed several times to the front, visiting the camps, the battlefields, and the hospitals, in his tender solicitude for the welfare of Roxbury's quota. Nor did his kindness and conscientiousness stop here. He felt it a duty to look to the welfare of the families of these citizen soldiers, and he brought home from the seat of war words of comfort and joy to the mothers, wives, sisters, and daughters who were obliged to endure so silently and patiently during those years of terrible civil war, suffering as only women can suffer for those whom they love and honor, and in comparison to whose love all the love of man is as dry and hard as the remainder biscuit. He received their grateful thanks and earnest prayers, and the women of Roxbury still cherish his memory with tender affection.

It is related of Mr. Gaston by one of his oldest friends, who was associated with him in the Roxbury government during the war, that on one occasion he went with Mr. Gaston to the seat of war to look out for the comfort of the Roxbury soldiers in the hospitals. Mr. Gaston had a pass from Surgeon-General Hammond, of the United States army, permitting him to visit all hospitals. They came one morning, after one of the great battles, to one of the hospitals where there was a number of Roxbury soldiers. Mayor Gaston politely informed the sentinel that he had a pass to enter. The sentinel rudely replied that he did not care if he had, that he could not enter, and ordered him to move on. The surgeon in charge came out, and in a still more peremptory manner ordered him off, and threatened him with arrest; but Mr. Gaston firmly held his ground, and said to the surgeon, "I have a pass here from the Surgeon-General of the United States army, authorizing me to visit all the hospitals of the army, and, unless your authority is superior to his, I intend to enter this hospital." The surgeon quailed before his firmness and determination, allowed him to enter, and was profuse in his apologies and assiduous in his attentions. I think this illustrates a strong trait in Mr. Gaston's character. He fully

recognized the doctrine of authority, but, when he knew he was right, and had authority on his side, no power on earth could swerve him from the performance of duty. Through all the vicissitudes of the war he never faltered in his devotion to his country or to the Union. In the darkest hours he had an abiding faith in the ultimate triumph of our cause. Dire disaster in the field did not shake him. He was as

> "constant as the northern star,
> Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality
> There is no fellow in the firmament."

At the close of his term of office as mayor of Roxbury, Mr. Gaston returned to his law office and was engrossed in the practice of his profession until 1868, when he was elected to the State Senate of Massachusetts, where he was a conspicuous leader on the Democratic side; but his mind was so eminently fair that he arose above party upon any measure that he believed was for the benefit of all the people of the Commonwealth. When the union of Roxbury and Boston was contemplated, he was one of the commissioners appointed by the City Council of Roxbury and Boston, respectively, on the union of the two cities, and earnestly recommended the immediate consummation of the proposed union. The same qualities that

endeared Mr. Gaston to the people of Roxbury, his adaptation for the management of public affairs and his sterling integrity, soon attracted the attention of the voters of the enlarged municipality, and he was called to the mayoralty of Boston in the year 1871.

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At the expiration of his term of office he was commended by the press and people as a man "pre-eminently qualified for the duties of the office, which required wisdom, discretion, firmness, and courage when needed, combined with the most exalted integrity and unselfish devotion to the honor, welfare, and prosperity of the city."

Mr. Gaston was permitted to remain in private life but a brief period. Massachusetts, which prior to 1874 had elected a Republican governor ever since the foundation of the party, —a party organized for the protection of the rights and the personal liberty of all citizens, —found itself agitated upon the question of the personal liberty of the citizen on the question of temperance, or, more strictly speaking, total abstinence, as enforced by prohibition. We all know that law has not an atom of strength unless it has an enlightened public opinion behind it to sustain it. Local public

opinion in many places refused to enforce or sustain this prohibitory law, and the State Legislature thought it was stronger than public opinion, and created a State police force far removed from the people to enforce this obnoxious law. The people of Massachusetts, a State where the town-meeting originated, strongly favor local self-government. They will bear oppression for a time, but sooner or later there comes a reaction. The Republican party in the State experienced such a reaction in the autumn of 1874. The State constabulary became odious to the people, it was a force too far removed from the people; and the revolt came, and the opposition selected Mr. Gaston as their candidate for governor, to lead in the campaign against centralized government as exemplified in a police too far removed from the control of the local authorities. Upon that issue Mr. Gaston was triumphantly elected governor for the year 1875. I say upon that issue, for I believe, if it were not for the existence of the State police, no Democrat could have been elected; and for the first time since the birth of the Republican party a Democratic governor sat in the chair of the chief executive of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. His instincts and training were in favor of government by the people. He saw that the tendency

of the Republican party was towards centralization of power, and he recommended to the Legislature the immediate repeal of the act creating the force known as the State constabulary,—a measure which the Legislature adopted. He no doubt realized, as most men do who think at all, that we gain nothing by shifting responsibility from cities and towns to the State. We only aggravate the evil by placing the remedy for corruption and bad administration too far away from us. We must feel the effects of bad government. So soon as we realize that men of brains and influence, with great interests, cannot neglect their most important duty and cannot remain silent or indifferent in municipal affairs, we shall have taken the first great step towards remedying many of the evils which exist in cities to-day, and prevent many of the dangers threatening the existence of our republican form of government. Mr. Gaston also urged in his message the repeal of the prohibitory law and the substitution of a judicious license system. That recommendation was favorably received, and a license law was enacted by the Legislature of 1875, and still remains the policy of the Commonwealth. The wisdom of his recommendation was shown by the vote of the people, a few years since, on the prohibition constitutional amend-

ment, the people sustaining the license policy by almost fifty thousand majority.

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Mr. Gaston's position as governor was novel and trying. He was the first Democratic governor for many years, and the executive council and both branches of the Legislature were opposed to him politically; yet all conceded at the expiration of his term of office that in the administration of his public trust he acted for the good of all the people, he brought to the discharge of his public duties the lofty convictions expressed by a great writer upon the law, that "the same rules of morality which hold together families and which form families into commonwealths link together those commonwealths as members of the great society of mankind." No law ever received his approval that he did not believe conformed to the high standard of morality which he set for himself, and he carefully scrutinized every grant of public moneys, that individuals or corporations should not be favored at the expense of the public treasury. When he retired from office, he had the supreme satisfaction of knowing that his course was commended by the people without distinction of party, and that he carried with him into private life their undiminished

love and respect. As he had, on assuming the office of governor, absolutely relinquished his practice as a lawyer and given himself unreservedly to the duties of his office, when he retired from the executive chair he had neither a case nor a client, and once more resumed his professional work. Many men are only conspicuous when in public office, but Mr. Gaston needed no office nor title to give him reputation or fame. During the years of his retirement from public office he became again a leader at the bar and a prominent figure and potent factor in the life of this community, answering from time to time the call of his fellow-citizens on important occasions.

Mr. Gaston was fond of good literature. His favorite authors were Burke and Walter Scott. He was an earnest and industrious student of that great statesman and philosopher, Burke, for whom he had a profound admiration, and who, he told me, was most helpful to him in guiding and directing him in public affairs. There was a trait in which he resembled Burke: he had "that chastity of honor that felt a stain like a wound." He was one of the most sensitive men that I ever met: he felt keenly every unjust expression, yet was thankful for honest criticism and deeply grateful for kindly appreciation. I think the degrees of doctor of

law conferred on him by Brown and Harvard Universities gave him more pleasure and satisfaction than all the political honors that ever came to him. Some of his associates at the bar have thought that he was not a social man. I think he was misunderstood. He was a shy, retiring character, who did not court publicity, but those who knew him in his early days in Roxbury, and in the intimacy of his private life, speak of him as a most agreeable and a lovable man. Domestic in his nature, he loved his home and idolized his family. I should be presuming too much, did I invade the sacred precincts of that home, yet I cannot refrain from speaking of the depth and intensity of his affection for the loved of his household. We know that there was nothing in his life that might not have been seen of all men. He was the soul of truth and honor. We know that

> "Whatever record leaps to light,
> He never would be shamed."

He has passed from our mortal ken, but the influence of his life and example lives after him. The world is better for the part he took in it. His life is a shining example for the youth of our country. We remember his sterling integrity, his earnestness which often kin-

dled into burning eloquence,—a trait which came to him from his Celtic blood,—his great kindliness of heart, his fidelity to his friends, his respect for authority, and his faithfulness to every trust, public and private. I wish there were vouchsafed to me that almost divine gift of speech, that I might fittingly eulogize our friend, that I could portray as they deserve his qualities as citizen, lawyer, orator, and statesman. I can only ask you to accept my poor effort as an earnest of what I would wish to say. Can I not truthfully say of him, as he said of Dr. Howe in his eulogy? "Besides great ability, there are two things which make men strong,—an intelligent conscience and the courage to obey it. True courage is not noisy, does not consist in defiant manner or vaporing speech. It does consist in a quiet determination to do right because it is right, in travelling a straight, though frequently unpopular, pathway. It is easy to float with the current, but to breast it requires both strength and boldness."

I know the cynical man may ask, Do you claim for him great perfection? No; and, were he living, he would be the first to rebuke me, did I make such a claim in his presence. I know he would say, "Speak of me as I am: nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in

malice." When we look upon a diamond, turning the light upon its many faces, we do not search with microscopic eye to discover flaws and imperfections. We are satisfied with the jewel as it is. We know William Gaston was human, and we loved him because he was human, and made a brave and manly fight for the right as he understood it. He walked in and out amongst us for half a century, so true, so courageous, so tender,—a man of absolute rectitude, whose whole life was an open book. He passed away into immortality from that home which was his sanctuary, and in which he was so fondly loved, as peacefully and calmly as if in a pleasant dream. "Death bringeth good fame," says Bacon. If a good life, a noble purpose and exalted patriotism, and fidelity to duty deserve good fame, then, so long as the citizens of Massachusetts shall honor such qualities and endeavor to emulate such virtues, the fame of William Gaston will be secure.

ADDRESS PRESENTING THE CITY OF BOSTON THE O'REILLY MONUMENT, JUNE 20, 1896.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

The large audience assembled here who have rested from their ordinary labors, their faces aglow with love and sympathy, attest and proclaim by their presence that John Boyle O'Reilly did not wholly die,—that you still cherish his memory and that he holds an affectionate place in your hearts. Recalling those beautiful lines of his,—

> "True singers can never die,
> The singer who lived is always alive,
> We hearken and always hear."

It seems but yesterday since he walked the streets of this city which he loved so well. Yet nearly six years have passed since we laid him at rest in yonder rural cemetery.

Eloquent voices have many times since spoken and sung his praises. At a great public meeting held in this city, shortly after his death, he was fittingly eulogized, and at that meeting it was resolved that his life and ser-

vices should be still further commemorated,—that his fame should not be intrusted to the perishable eloquence of the day, but that he should still be with us in a more enduring form to instruct the generations when all of us shall be mute and most of us forgotten.

As a result of that meeting and the subsequent efforts of his friends and admirers, representing every walk of life, we are assembled to-day in this beautiful month of June to dedicate a memorial to as rare a spirit and as loving and noble a soul as ever dwelt in the habitations of men.

It was my good fortune and peculiar privilege to make his acquaintance almost on his arrival here in Boston. That acquaintance ripened into friendship and fructified into love.

There were a fascination and magnetism about him that no genuine man could resist. His pleasant voice, his winsome way, his great kindness, his manly courage, the honesty of his thought, and his truthfulness of soul bound him to you with hooks of steel. You felt that through all his life he tried to make men purer, wiser, and better. Humboldt says, "Governments, religion, property, books, are nothing but the scaffolding to build a man, and the finest fruit that earth holds up to its Creator is a finished man."

THOMAS J. GARGAN

The great poet who has written for all mankind puts these words into the mouth of the Prince of Denmark, when speaking of his royal father. He does not speak of his exalted position or his kingly prerogatives; he says:

> "He was a man, take him for all in all,
> I shall not look upon his like again."

So we say, as we look upon the counterfeit presentment of John Boyle O'Reilly, brought freshly to our mind by the genius of the sculptor, "This was a man."

Born in Ireland, he so loved his native land that he offered his mortal life as a sacrifice upon the altar of her liberty. Could any man give more? Tried and condemned by English law, he received prison and exile. By the intrepidity of friends and the courage of Captain Hathaway, of a New Bedford whale-ship, he escaped from Australia, landed in the United States, and from the very day when his feet touched our shores he entered into the very life of the nation.

Devotedly as he loved the land of his birth, when he became an American citizen, he was one in every fibre of his being. He never claimed recognition for anything he did or dared for his native land. He gave his whole thought, his whole mind, all his energies and

his splendid talents for his adopted country. One of his expressions was, "We can do Ireland more good by our Americanism than by our Irishism."

He was an enthusiastic advocate of every cause that he believed would help America and American institutions. As he believed in the dignity of manhood, so he labored for the elevation of mankind, and he was broad enough and catholic enough to espouse the cause of all whom he believed were oppressed. His was the truest democracy. He knew neither caste nor color, nor creed nor nationality, as he believed in the brotherhood of man. His great heart embraced in that brotherhood all humanity. What he wrote of Edmund Burke was true of himself:—

> "Races or sects were to him a profanity:
> Hindoo or negro and Celt were as one;
> Large as mankind was his splendid humanity,
> Large in its record the work he has done."

We come this day to erect this memorial, not for the dead, but for the living,—a monument which in its conception and design is an exquisite piece of sculpture worthy of the genius of Daniel French; a group that a recent writer says will be immortal, and will fittingly adorn this entrance to our public park.

We believe that the feelings and memories here evoked will inspire us to appreciate the lesson which the life of Boyle O'Reilly teaches.

I beg leave, Mr. Mayor, on behalf of the committee and the thousands of subscribers, to present this memorial to the City of Boston, through you, its chief magistrate, intrusting it to the care and protection of the municipality. It beautifully exemplifies the life and attributes of O'Reilly as a man, a poet, a patriot, and a Christian.

We offer this memorial to the City of Boston in the belief that it will prove a striking object-lesson.

We trust that those who come here to view this magnificent creation of the genius of the sculptor will recall the life of the Irish exile, who came to this city without friends or influence, with no fortune but his talents, yet by his honesty of purpose, his manly courage, his untiring industry and indomitable perseverance, entered into the very heart and life of Boston, winning for himself the respect and admiration of the cultured and holding a place in the hearts of all.

The life of every man or woman who has achieved success or fame is interesting, and teaches a lesson. One of the lessons that his life teaches us is that America is a country of

boundless opportunities; that the freedom we enjoy is but an opportunity to make one's self a good, a true, a noble man or woman. We hope that all who come here will profit by the lesson; that the weary and oppressed will feel their burden lightened; that the poor whose friend he was may be comforted; that the exile will learn patience, and depart hence with new hope; that the young and ambitious will receive new inspiration from the story of his life; and I believe it will make us all better citizens, better patriots, and better men as, looking upon his face turned to the sunlight of the morning, we recall these opening lines from his poem on the Pilgrim Fathers:—

"One righteous word for law—the common will.
One living rule of faith—God regnant still."

AN ADDRESS

MADE AT THE MEMORIAL EXERCISES HELD DEC. 20, 1905, IN HONOR OF THE LATE PATRICK A. COLLINS BY THE CITY OF BOSTON.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

It is peculiarly fitting and appropriate that this memorial meeting to honor the late Mayor Collins should be held in Tremont Temple, for it was in this place and upon this platform that on a memorable occasion he declared that he was "no man's man and wore no man's collar," and that was the keynote of his whole character.

As I look about me in this gathering and see so many of his friends, it is difficult for me to realize that he will not step forward and thrill us as of yore. Yet we feel that, if he is not visibly present, his spirit hovers over us.

The presence here of this large assemblage proves the strength of your love and devotion to the memory of Patrick A. Collins. You all respected and loved him. We feel that a tower has fallen, a star has set. While we mourn for him here, in thousands of homes in this land and in cabins on the other side of the Atlantic

sympathetic hearts are mourning with us to-night. I loved him as a dear friend, a companion and associate for almost forty years. How can I hope to find words to utter what our hearts feel?

I desire to speak to you of him as he would wish me, were he living and present. I know he would say, "Speak of me as you know me: 'nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice.'" I do not claim that he was perfect, nor shall I dwell upon his imperfections: he was "bound in the bonds which all men share." Yet, view him as we may, the lion's mark was always there. We loved him because he was a great, human, lovable man, yet what we say here to-day cannot avail the dead.

We have sung his requiem: in the bright sunlight of an autumn day we committed his body to mother earth, and to many of us the world seems lonesome since. These tributes which we offer are not for the dead, but for the living. These expressions and memorial exercises elevate those from whom they emanate: they cause us to pause in our struggle for wealth and honors, and lift us to a higher world of thought. If the surroundings here, these exercises, the strains of music, the communion of thought between those who knew the usefulness and nobility of our friend's life, shall plant the seed

of an emotion that will ripen and fructify into nobler actions, we may congratulate ourselves upon a well-spent day.

What an inspiration and example for us all is the life of this poor Irish immigrant boy, who began his career so humbly in this city without friends, without fortune, yet by his perseverance, his magnetism, his tact, and his indomitable industry, became chief magistrate of this great city! It seems like a tale from "The Arabian Nights," as if the magician came with his lamp and ring and did it all; yet we know the magician was none other than Patrick A. Collins himself, and his talisman, like that of every other man that has achieved anything in life, was hard, persistent work and industry.

I first met him in the enchanting garden of youth, and it was there he introduced me to his youthful friend, John Boyle O'Reilly. As we left its portals with high ideals, we hoped to conquer success, and to make the wide world, whose roadway we entered, a little better. We found the way often rough and stony, we did not escape some mire, and were often wearied in spirit and body. His cheery voice and companionship were always encouraging, and he never lost faith. How well he succeeded, the future historian of Boston will tell.

We are perhaps too near him fully to appre-

ciate him or to measure him justly. In early life we entered the Legislature together. I remember that during the session a small type member of the House, and of our party, made a trade on some matter and pledged the Democratic vote. It was to my mind a corrupt measure. I invited Collins to luncheon. When he came into the room, he said, "I know what you want: you and I cannot be traded like sheep at the shambles by such a trickster." This incident gave me the first insight into his character. He hated shams and was incorruptibly honest, and I felt sure that the gilded hand of corruption would never dare to offer him a friendly grasp. I was in Washington when he was a member of Congress, and knew him to refuse a fee of ten thousand dollars as counsel in a certain case, at a time when that amount of money was to him a small fortune. Many members of the bar at that day, and to-day, would have thought it not improper to accept that fee, but he had a higher standard of ethics. He believed his first duty was to his country and his constituents. His oath of office was to him no idle or unmeaning ceremony, and he had that high sense of honor that feels a stain like a wound.

He might have died rich if he had not refused to sully his honor, but he always

kept his vizor up, and men who looked at him felt that there was something in his air and manner which said, "Get thee behind me, Satan!"

As I sat in his office in St. Helen's Place, in London, one day, while he was consul-general, I could not help recalling Hawthorne's story of his consular experience. Numberless were the calls made upon Collins, not only by Americans, but by all nationalities. He listened to their tales of woe with patience and sympathy. All went away comforted, and many received substantial aid from the private purse of this great-hearted man.

As mayor of Boston, his record is known to you all. On public occasions he represented the city with honor and dignity. He was accessible to the humblest citizen, ready to listen to advice, yet always acting on his own judgment. He could say "No" with great firmness when necessary, and every tax-payer paying a dollar into the city treasury knew that he would guard its expenditure as strictly and economically as any trustee or guardian of private funds. His messages and vetoes were models in their terseness and precision. He was strong to do the right thing because it was the right thing. He did his duty fearlessly, never stopping to count personal consequences. Through

all his life he believed with Plato that "Justice was the health of the State."

To briefly sum up his life and character: While he was thoroughly American, he passionately loved the land of his birth; he contributed liberally from his means and gave to her cause all his splendid abilities; as he said on one occasion, "I love Ireland as I love my mother, and I love America as I do my wife." He was faithful to duty, incorruptibly honest, possessed magnetism, tact, and breadth of view, and he placed a higher value upon character than upon success.

He was a conscientious lawyer, a careful legislator, an efficient consul-general, and an able mayor. As an orator, he had the essential requisites,—a good voice, a noble presence, that indefinable temperament of the Celt that moves and convinces, force of character, the humor and pathos that called forth smiles or tears as he willed. He could wreathe the iron bar of logic with the flowers of rhetoric and carry conviction to the minds of his hearers because they believed there was an earnest man behind all his words.

While many men who pose as statesmen believe their party to be mankind, Collins had the faculty of lifting himself to a higher altitude, obtaining a clearer view and a broader

horizon, and in that horizon he embraced humanity.

He believed with the poet that—

> "Where'er a single slave doth pine,
> Where'er one man may help another,—
> Thank God for such a birthright, brother,
> That spot of earth is thine and mine:
> There is the true man's birthplace grand,
> His is a world-wide fatherland!"

His early beginning was much like that of Lincoln; and as Lincoln's great speech at Gettysburg, of twenty lines, has become a classic and will live, so Collins' short eulogy of O'Reilly will be the gem that will long survive his other utterances.

Yet those who knew him in public life only did not know him at his best. It was at the table, surrounded by six or seven intellectual men, that he appeared to the best advantage, in the freedom of unrestrained intercourse that you began to know and appreciate him. His education was not of the kind that knows a little Latin and less Greek, soon forgotten in the tumult of busy life. His wide range of reading, particularly of history and biography, his knowledge of public men and public affairs, surprised you. Across the table, where every man could give and take, he received a sharp

thrust without rancor and with rare good humor.

Alas! he has passed from our mortal ken. Farewell, dear friend, never again shall we see your stalwart form walking the streets of this city which you loved so well! Never again shall we hear thy cheery voice or feel the warm grasp of thy friendly hand!

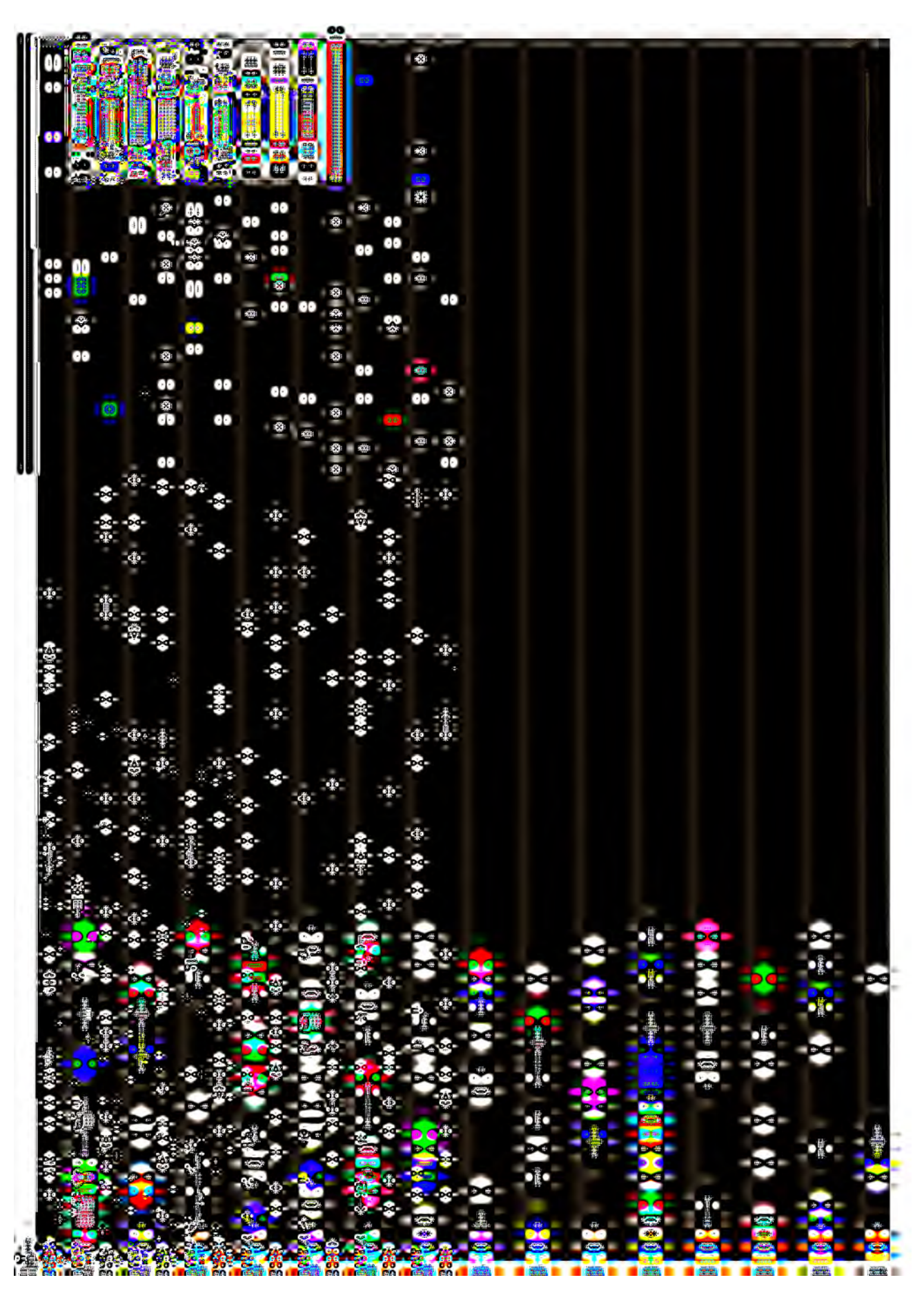
You have passed into the dim valley and shadow of death; but, oh, how many fragrant and precious memories you have bequeathed to us! Such men never wholly die, for "the memorial of virtue is immortal," because "it is known with God and with men. When it is present, men take example at it; when it is gone, they desire it; it weareth a crown and triumpheth forever, having gotten the victory striving for undefiled rewards."

The people of this city, who loved him so well, propose to erect in some public place a memorial more lasting than our perishable words. There it will stand to remind us of the story and fidelity to duty of this poor Irish immigrant boy.

Let those who are inclined to despair of government by the people not lose hope when they reflect that into this great crucible of our democracy are poured so many elements, and, when we separate the dross and alloy, we pro-

duce such refined metal and such a type of manhood as this monument will commemorate. The coming generations, as they look upon it, will receive new inspiration, and they will realize that not the acquisition of money, but the path of duty, is the way to honor and glory.

Build it then of granite and of bronze: it cannot be more enduring than his virtues. Let the genius of the sculptor give it form and beauty: it cannot be more beautiful or nobler than his character.

Yet even this monument may moulder and crumble into dust; but so long as we shall maintain the institutions and government which made his career possible, and so long as we shall maintain the character of our civic government upon the high standard which he set, we secure and perpetuate the fame of Patrick A. Collins.

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